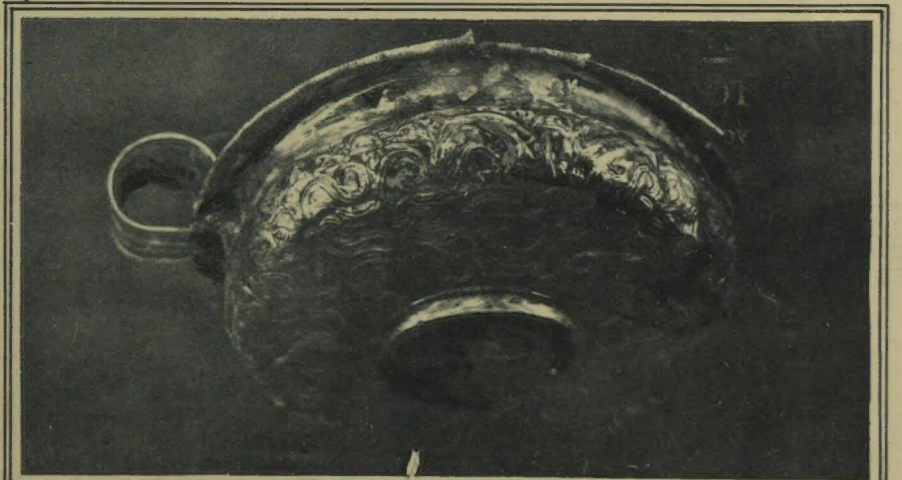
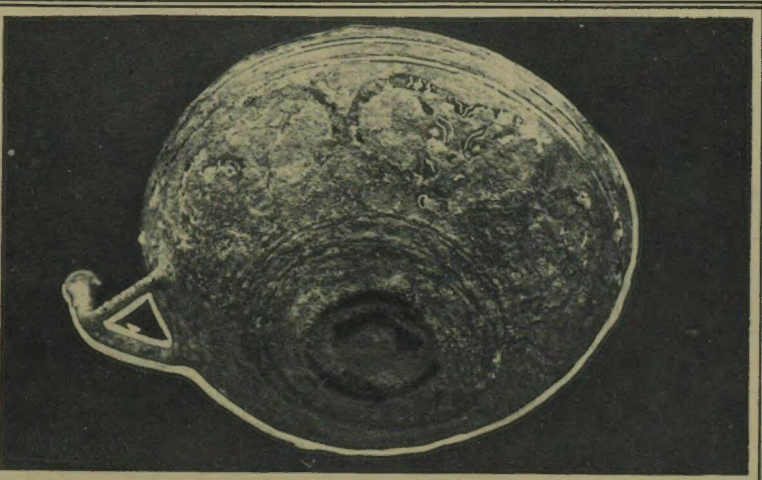
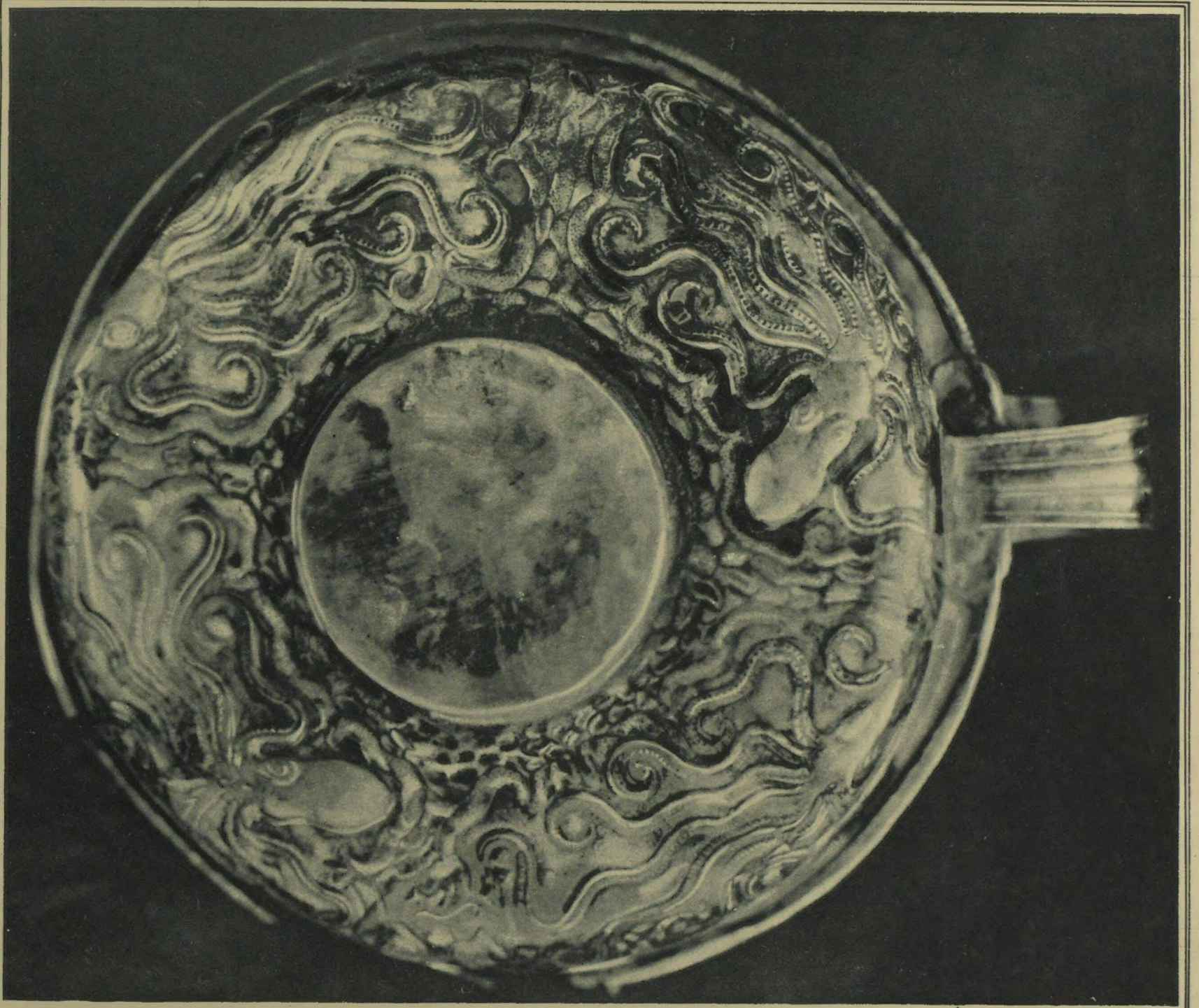


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1926.

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1. A GREAT DISCOVERY BY THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN'S EXPEDITION IN GREECE: ONE OF THE FINEST EXTANT MASTERPIECES OF MYCENEAN ART—THE "KING'S" CUP, DECORATED WITH AN OCTOPUS DESIGN, FROM THE BEEHIVE TOMB, OVER 3000 YEARS OLD, AT DENDRA. (UNDERNEATH VIEW IN ACTUAL SIZE—7 IN. DIAMETER.)
2. A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF MYCENEAN GOLD AND SILVER WORK FOUND AT DENDRA: THE "QUEEN'S" CUP, DECORATED WITH BULLS' HEADS, FROM THE SAME TOMB.
3. CHALLENGING COMPARISON WITH THE FAMOUS GOLD CUPS FOUND AT VAPHIO IN 1889: THE "KING'S" CUP FROM DENDRA—A SIDE VIEW OF NO. 1.

We illustrate here and on the two succeeding pages an archaeological discovery of the first importance, made recently by the Swedish expedition to Greece organised by the Crown Prince of Sweden, who has himself taken an active part in the

work. In a Mycenaean "beehive" tomb, at Dendra, Professor Persson found the skeletons of a "king" and a "queen," each covered with treasures of gold and silver. A descriptive article appears on the next page.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR PERSSON, OF UPSALA UNIVERSITY.

THE BEEHIVE TOMB OF THE "KING" AND "QUEEN" AT DENDRA.

By A. J. B. WACE, M.A., Deputy Keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, from Material supplied by Professor Persson, of Upsala University.

THE rich finds from the beehive tomb at Dendra in Greece, just announced by Professor Persson, of the Swedish archaeological expedition, will encourage the belief that the archaeologist is only a treasure-hunter; but the treasure he digs for is history, which, as Schliemann first taught us, may be read in broken potsherds.

No branch of Greek archaeology is more fascinating or richer in artistic and human interest than the pre-historic, which is devoted to recovering the civilisation of the wonderful pre-Homeric Bronze Age of Greece revealed principally by the work of Schliemann at Mycenæ and of Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos. This culture arose before 3000 B.C., and, extending to the beginning of the Iron Age in the twelfth century, shows us the material background to the Homeric Age, and proves that there is a substratum of fact in the early legends of Greece. Sherd by sherd the evidence is being pieced together for the outlines of a history not known to Athens in her prime, which does not depend merely on dry-as-dust archaeology, but on the study of masterpieces worthy of any country and of any age.

So it is not surprising that the Swedish archaeological expedition in Greece, which owes its inception to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, himself one of the excavators, should have been attracted to this field. Since 1922, under the leadership of Dr. Frödin and Professor Persson, of Upsala, the Swedes have worked with great success at Asine, a Homeric citadel on the coast near Nauplia, which has been unexpectedly fruitful in remains of all periods from the early Bronze Age down to late classical times. A cemetery contemporary with the great days of Mycenæ has yielded the most valuable objects, while ruined houses of the Early and Middle Bronze Ages have produced humble potsherds more illuminating historically.

This July, when the work at Asine closed, Professor Persson co-operated with Dr. Bertos, the Greek Inspector of Antiquities for Argolis, in excavating a newly discovered beehive tomb at the village of Dendra, about six miles north of Nauplia away from the sea. They deserve the hearty congratulations of all, for Professor Persson writes: "We have had tremendous luck, cups in gold and silver, swords of bronze with handles of gold, gems, and, in short, precious things of all kinds." He has generously sent for publication a brief account in which he calls the finds "truly extraordinary, even richer than those of Vaphio," where the famous gold cups were found thirty-seven years ago.

The entrance passage to the tomb, faced with walls of a cyclopean character, runs fifteen metres horizontally into the hillside. The doorway of ashlar masonry, four metres deep and about four metres high, was completely blocked with a rough stone wall. The upper part of the vault, which projected above the level of the ground, has collapsed, leaving only one lintel slab *in situ*, set in the usual position at the level of the natural grade of the hillside. The lower part below the ground is well preserved up to a height of four and a-half metres, and is built of roughly dressed stone more regularly laid than the walls of the entrance. Such tombs were built in spaces specially dug out for them in hillsides, so that the tomb might be underground, and that the lower part, supported by solid earth all round, might be strong enough to carry the thrust of the vault.

Here at Dendra the funeral chamber is eight metres in diameter—approximately the same size as the smaller beehive tombs at Mycenæ, where the height equals the diameter—and has four grave pits

sunk below its floor. In two of these were relics of funeral offerings, fragments of bronze and ivory together with charcoal and bones. The other two pits, about six feet deep, contained the mortal remains of three royal persons still lying in state with all their rich trappings. In the larger pit lay two skele-

cups of Vaphio are about three inches high and four in diameter, so that this gold bowl is equal to the two together. Four most naturalistic octopuses swim lazily above the coral rocks of the sea floor, and below the surface, whereon float argonauts. Between them are dolphins curving gracefully as they dive. The octopuses and the coral rocks recall a stone vessel from Mycenæ carved in relief with a somewhat similar pattern, but those octopuses are distinctly conventionalised; and the dolphins suggest a small cup of thin gold found by Schliemann at Mycenæ, which is, however, only roughly engraved.

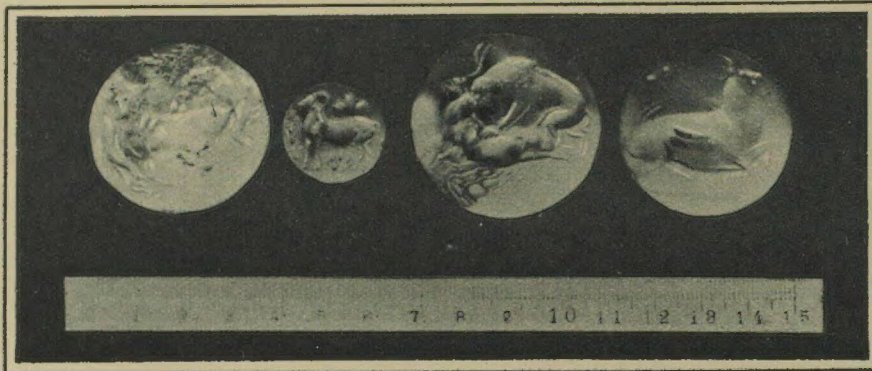
The royal seals were found in the "King's Cup": four signet rings of silver and bronze which are not yet cleaned, and four stones with delicate intaglios, two with a splendid lion springing on a frightened bull, one with a wild goat, and one apparently with two recumbent oxen like two seal-stones from Vaphio, and one from Mycenæ. A gold cup covered with silver on the outside, two vases of silver, and a bronze vessel hid the lower part of the body. The "king" was also well equipped with weapons all of bronze: a sword with a handle of gold was at his right arm, and at his left three others, two decorated with gold and one with a rock crystal pommel; by his legs were a fifth sword with gold ornaments, four spear-heads, and two knives.

At the opposite end of the same shaft was found the "queen," apparently holding another gold cup in her bent right arm. This is most elaborately and skilfully decorated with a design of five bulls' heads inlaid in a cloisonné manner with gold, bronze, and black silver on a sheet of silver which covers the outside of the cup. This piece of plate reflects the perfect skill and taste of this remote age, and has an unusual feature, a "wish-bone" handle, somewhat similar to those of clay bowls not uncommon in Cyprus about this time. Between the two skeletons were found a necklace of sixty-one gold beads, a stone lamp, and a vase made of an ostrich egg adorned with gold, silver, and bronze. Fragments of ostrich eggs, both decorated and undecorated, occur in tombs at Mycenæ, and seem to have been used for libations.

The fourth shaft, which had a roof of stones about twenty inches below the floor of the chamber, held one skeleton, the "princess." She had a string of thirty-eight gold rosettes round her neck, a gold ring with religious figures, and below her breast the golden binding and golden ornaments of her belt.

These are the principal treasures, but the fortunate excavators found many other objects of all kinds in gold, ivory, and stone, as well as clay vases intrinsically of small value, but chronologically important. They, according to Professor Persson, do not allow the tomb to be dated earlier than 1350 B.C., or about the time of Tutankhamen. The "King's Cup" alone of the finds seems considerably earlier, and may be almost as old as the Vaphio cups, which date from about 1500 B.C. It would, however, be premature, until further details are available, to be more precise about the date of the tomb and its contents, which, in quality, though not in quantity, approach those of the shaft graves of Mycenæ.

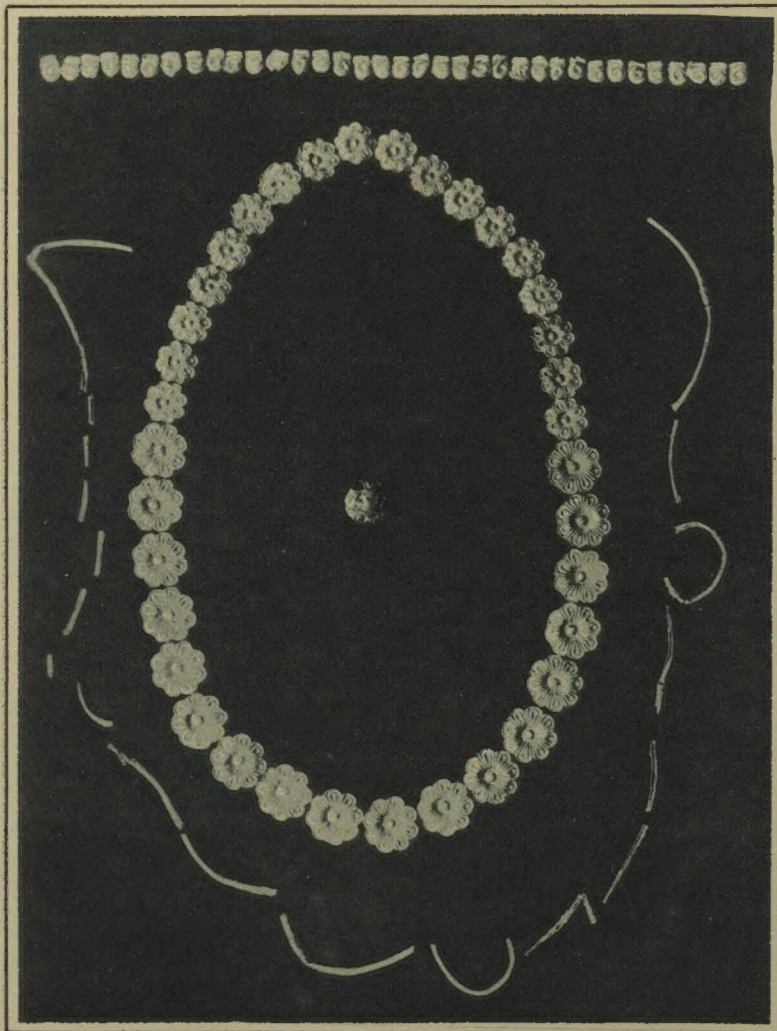
We may, perhaps, provisionally recognise in the "king," "queen," and "princess" members of the ruling house of Midea, the ruined stronghold which towers above the modern village of Dendra, and, though not actually mentioned in Homer, appears in the early legends of Argolis, with Mycenæ and Tiryns, as a seat of royalty.



SEALS OF A MYCENEAN "KING" OF ABOUT 1350 B.C.: FOUR FINE SEAL-STONES FOUND IN THE "KING'S" CUP (SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE) CARVED WITH ANIMAL FIGURES, INCLUDING LIONS ATTACKING BULLS, AND A WILD GOAT.

Inside the gold cup on the "king's" breast were found his seals—four fine seal-stones, two of them carved with vigorous scenes of a lion attacking a bull, one showing recumbent oxen, and another a wild goat beside a tree. The cup also contained four signet rings of silver and bronze.

tons, one apparently male, the "king," and the other, probably female, the "queen," stretched at full length on beds of clay. It is not unusual in chamber tombs of the later Bronze Age at Mycenæ and elsewhere to find the dead laid on beds of clay specially prepared for them.



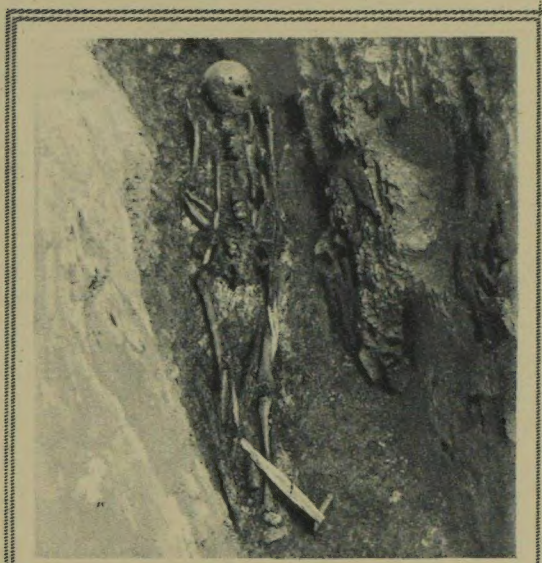
THE 3000-YEAR-OLD JEWELS OF A "PRINCESS" FOUND IN THE DENDRA TOMB: A NECKLACE OF THIRTY-EIGHT GOLD BEADS IN THE FORM OF ROSETTES, WITH A GOLD RING (CENTRE), FRAGMENTS OF GOLD EDGING TO HER GIRDLE (LEFT AND RIGHT), AND GIRDLE ORNAMENTS (AT TOP).

Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Persson, of Upsala University.

The "king" was completely covered with precious objects, and had on his chest a golden bowl seven inches in diameter exquisitely decorated with a *repoussé* design of a marine character. The gold

THE GREAT DENDRA DISCOVERY: NEW LIGHT ON PRE-HOMERIC GREECE.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR PERSSON, OF UPSALA UNIVERSITY.



1. THE "KING'S" SKELETON *IN SITU*, WITH HIS WEAPONS (SWORDS ON SHOULDERS AND FEET), BUT THE CUPS REMOVED; A GRAVE.



2. WITH THE "OCTOPUS" CUP (SEE FRONT PAGE) ON HIS BREAST AND TWO OTHER CUPS ON HIS BODY: THE SKELETON OF THE "KING"—ANOTHER VIEW.



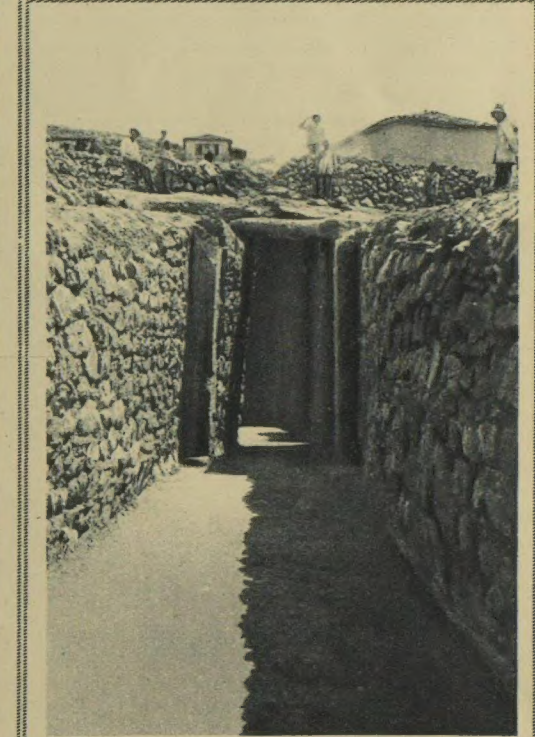
3. THE "QUEEN'S" SKELETON *IN SITU*, WITH THE "BULLS' HEADS" CUP (SEE FRONT PAGE) ON HER BREAST: THE OTHER END OF THE SAME GRAVE.



4. THE ROOF OF SLABS COVERING THE GRAVE OF THE "PRINCESS," ABOUT 20 IN. BENEATH THE FLOOR OF THE TOMB CHAMBER AT DENDRA.



5. BEFORE REMOVAL OF THE ROUGH STONE-WORK WITH WHICH IT WAS WALLED UP: THE ENTRANCE TO THE DENDRA TOMB.



6. AFTER REMOVAL OF THE STONE FILLING: THE ENTRANCE PASSAGE (*DROMOS*) CLEARED, WITH CYCLOPEAN WALLS AND DOORWAY.



7. INSIDE THE "BEEHIVE" TOMB WITH IN-CURVING WALLS: A GROUP INCLUDING PROFESSOR PERSSON (CENTRE AT BACK) AND A MAN (IN FRONT) STANDING IN ONE OF THE GRAVES.



8. THE SITE WHERE THE TOMB (MARKED WITH A CROSS) WAS FOUND: THE SCENE OF THE GREAT DISCOVERY NEAR DENDRA, SHOWING A TOBACCO FIELD IN THE FOREGROUND.

The tomb in which the great discoveries described by Mr. A. J. B. Wace on the opposite page were made was cut in the slope of a hill near Dendra, a village at the foot of the acropolis crowned by the ruins of the Homeric citadel of Midea, near Mycenæ and Tiryns. The tomb, which dates from about 1350 B.C., is approached by an entrance passage about 16 yards long and 10 ft. wide, lined on both sides with cyclopean walls. The doorway, faced with jambs of ashlar masonry, was walled up with rough stone-work, which had to be removed. The round tomb-chamber is about 26 ft. in diameter, with walls of "beehive" construction. The chamber contained four grave-pits, of which two had been disturbed in ancient times, but the other two were intact. One of the latter contained a

skeleton of a man at one end, and at the other a skeleton of a woman. These skeletons, which have been called the "king" and "queen," were both covered with treasures placed there when they were buried over 3000 years ago. On the "king" was a magnificent gold cup (illustrated on our front page) containing seals and signet rings, several other vases, and his swords. Another cup lay on the "queen's" breast. In the other intact grave was a female skeleton (the "princess") with a gold necklace and ring and round the waist the gold edging and ornaments of a girdle. The tomb contained many other objects of interest and value, and the whole discovery, made by a Swedish expedition under Professor Persson, is in the first rank of those relating to the pre-Homeric Bronze Age in Greece.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE first essay I ever wrote was on the subject of Dragons; and I was an object of hearty and healthy derision among my schoolfellows because it began with the somewhat pedantic sentence: "The Dragon is the most cosmopolitan of impossibilities." I am not sure that I was justified in jumping to the conclusion that the monster was cosmopolitan, though certainly that would be a sufficient justification for killing him. I could still enjoy with enthusiasm an epic in which St. George should kill the dragon of cosmopolitanism. Dragons are found in the decorative and imaginative work of almost all nations and ages; and that is all I meant by the pompous and polysyllabic impertinence of calling him cosmopolitan. But I do profoundly repent and repudiate the childish superstition which led me into calling him impossible.

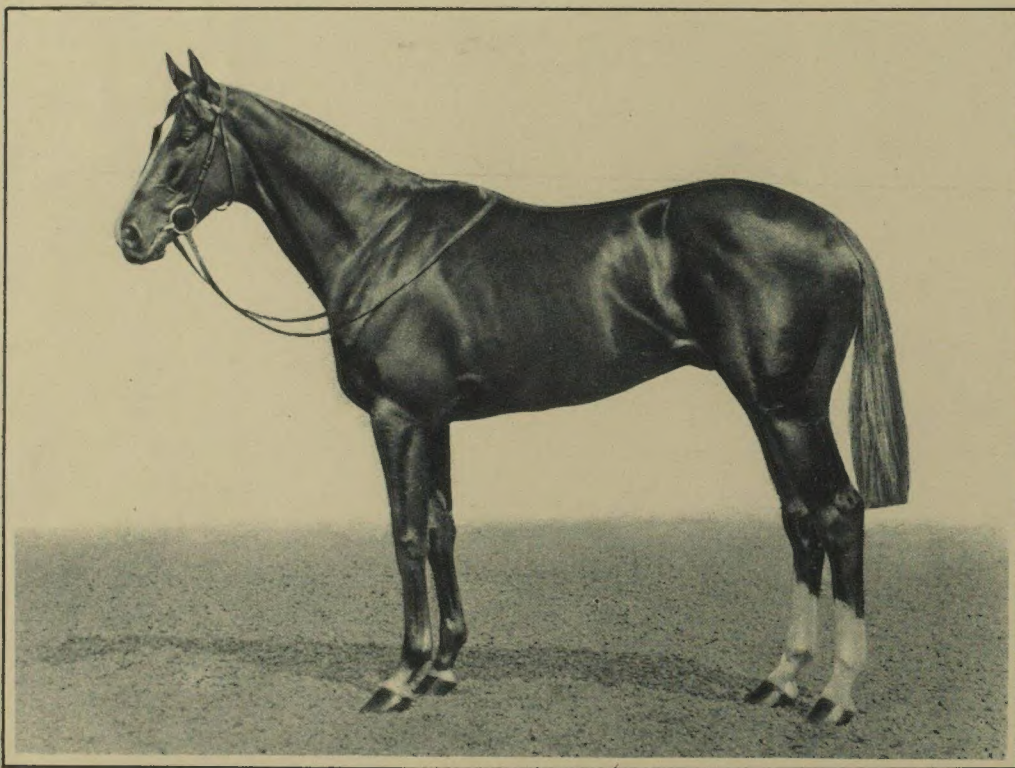
It must be remembered that I was born a late Victorian, amid all the strange simplifications of that epoch. I was educated in the fairy-tales of science; and very preposterous fairy-tales they often were. One of them was the dear old nursery legend of Natural Selection, or the Darwinian theory of Evolution. Children in this more enlightened age will find it hard to believe that we all religiously believed it. Our credulity was fed with myths of more mysterious origin; the queerest old-wives' tales about the Atom and the Aryan Race and the Anglo-Saxon origin of all the more obvious results of the Roman Empire and the Norman Conquest. But we believed all those simple Victorian myths, because of the simple but very real virtues of the people who taught them to us; and among them was the theory that things like dragons must always be impossible. This was, as a matter of fact, part of a particular and even peculiar prejudice of that age and school. It needs a sort of separate explanation; for it was applied to a large number of things besides dragons; especially, for example, to the Great Sea Serpent.

That generation was not only forbidden to believe in preternatural marvels, but even in natural marvels that were large enough to be very marvelous. I do not know why, for the prejudice was quite inconsistent with what our teachers themselves were always telling us about the immense scale of the world and the gigantic changes that had passed over the earth. It was not merely that they said that the story of a saint killing a dragon was merely a legend; in which they were probably right. It was that they said that any story about a man meeting a monster was probably a lie; in which they were almost certainly wrong. It was firmly embedded in their minds, and firmly inculcated into ours, that if a sailor said he had seen the Great Sea Serpent his evidence was worthless from the start. It was very odd; because in all other aspects the sailor was very much of a hero in these Victorian romances. In life and love and war he was a romance; it was only on the subject of large snakes that he was always a romancer. The sailor ruled the waves; he saved the fatherland; he delighted the fair sex; he glorified the flag of England. He was almost monotonously true, trusty, frank, fearless, and sincere. But if he said that he could not be mistaken about seeing a marine animal as long as a marine parade, he suddenly became untrue, untrustworthy, deceitful, depraved, or morbidly and madly imaginative. Crew after

crew came in to testify that they had seen monsters of the deep, and their testimony was treated as a sort of conspiracy or, at any rate, as a collective hallucination.

It is quite possible, of course, that men might make many mistakes about the meaning or the details of monsters that they saw; and in that sense I do not know (and I certainly do not care) whether there was ever a Great Sea Serpent or not. But I do know that hundreds of men have been hanged and imprisoned and transported upon evidence no better than that which supported these numerous stories; evidence given by the same sort of simple men in the same sort of straightforward way. And I do care very much whether simple men are to be treated as lunatics because they are simple, or treated as liars because they are poor. And I imagine that the dark and irrational impulse behind this denial really was one of the instincts of the more snobbish spirit of that time; an instinct that certain marvels

a man whom they could see, and who was describing what he saw. This is one of the most curious psychological developments in all human history. People talk about priest-craft, but there is no proof that the most priest-ridden people believe what a priest wrote on a parchment more than what a priest said with his own lips. Many people argue nowadays about whether education itself is not too arrogant an assumption of superiority by one generation over another. They suggest that it is an abuse of strength to teach a child anything so controversial as the multiplication table, or to prejudice and poison his mind with anything so narrow and sectarian as the A B C. But there is no proof that any children in the past could disbelieve what a schoolmaster stated in class *viva voce*, but were bound to believe whatever he wrote on the blackboard. This strange idea of the infallibility of the written or printed word will have rather remarkable results in the immediate future, unless I am very much mistaken; and that for a reason that has never been adequately noticed.



WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER IN RECORD TIME, AND THE FIRST HORSE FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS TO WIN THAT EVENT AS WELL AS THE DERBY: LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S CORONACH, ONE OF THE GREATEST RACEHORSES OF MODERN DAYS.

Lord Woolavington's famous colt, Coronach, ridden by J. Childs, won the St. Leger at Doncaster on September 8, in record time, by two lengths from Lord Derby's Caisot, with Mr. S. Tattersall's Foliation third, six lengths behind Caisot. Coronach has also won this year the Derby, the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, and the Eclipse Stakes. The last Derby winner to secure the St. Leger in the same year was Rock Sand in 1903. Coronach's trainer, Mr. F. Darling, has described him as "without doubt, one of the greatest racehorses of my time." He has both pace and staying power, and he won the St. Leger in spite of losing ground at the start and twisting a plate during the race.—[Photograph by W. A. Rouch.]

could not be true, merely because the whole populace testified to them. It was perhaps part of the distrust of tradition; for tradition is the truth of the common people.

The other day the newspapers printed a paragraph containing the most positive assertions that in certain parts of the West Indies, I think, explorers had discovered lizards which might very well be described as dragons. At least, one would say that a lizard sixteen or twenty feet long was well on the way to respectable draconian measurements. Whether these statements about the giant lizard were true or not I do not know. What amuses me is that most people nowadays will probably believe the story because it is printed in a newspaper; including the sort of people who would not believe that sort of story when it was written down in a ship's log. They will believe something passed by an editor they have never seen, employing a reporter they have never seen, printed in an office they have never visited, for reasons they will never know. But they could not believe a statement from the lips of a live sailor;

For while this prejudice in favour of print remains, the actual nature of print is altering a good deal. In the days of my youth something of the same assumption, right or wrong, that threw cold water on the Sea Serpent would certainly have thrown the same cold water in bucketfuls on the inflammatory fiery dragon of the newspaper paragraph. To use a yet more inadequate metaphor, the editor would have blue-pencilled the lizard as readily as the serpent. These extraordinary examples of biological life, rightly or wrongly, were distrusted as soon as they appeared. To-day we might well say that anything extraordinary has been believed as soon as it appeared. The whole tone of journalism has changed; not only about these natural exceptions, but about quite supernatural or preternatural exceptions.

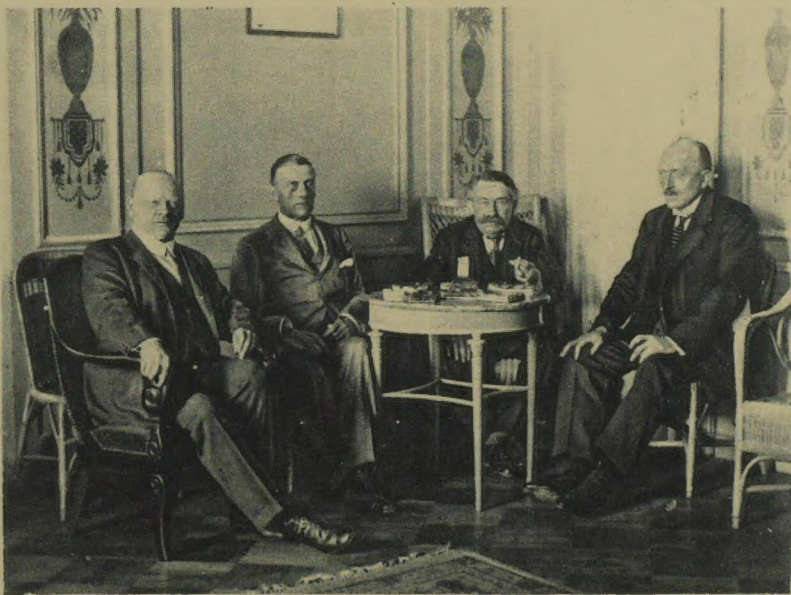
Nobody can glance over a newspaper nowadays without noting all sorts of reports that concern not only marvels but miracles. A haunted house has become as open a matter of debate as a public house. A case of spiritual healing is taken seriously by journalists, even when it is attested by the crowded congregation of a Christian church. Marvels are openly debated of such monstrous improbability, from the old sceptical standpoint, that a dragon dwindles in comparison into a very small lizard indeed, and it would be as easy to believe in a Sea Serpent as in a water-snake. Now, if these two forces continue to operate side by side, the results may be rather singular. We shall have on the one hand a Press that is free to repeat any rumours or legends, and on the other a people that are still disposed to take seriously anything that is printed by the Press. It may be, of course, that a new scepticism is arising to balance the new supernaturalism. But in any case there is no proof that their progress is parallel, or that one will be able to keep pace or catch up with the other. There may be a large number of people who still feel like Victorians reading the *Times*, when they are really in the position of wild Americans reading the *Christian Science Monitor*. For the Press of the world is becoming (I regret to say) more international; and the same sort of market for marvels will probably be found in many lands. A journalist is the most cosmopolitan of impossibilities.

GERMANY ENTERS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A HISTORIC OCCASION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND HENRI MANUEL (PARIS).



"IT IS ON A BASIS OF MUTUAL CONFIDENCE THAT GERMANY DESIRES TO CO-OPERATE": HERR STRESEMANN (CENTRE) ADDRESSING THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY AT GENEVA—SHOWING RADIO MICROPHONES FOR BROADCASTING ON THE TRIBUNE BEFORE HIM, AND OTHERS ON THE DESK OF THE PRESIDENT, M NINTCHITCH (YUGO-SLAVIA) ON THE LEFT.



AN INFORMAL "LEAGUE" AFTER GERMANY'S ADMISSION: (L. TO R.) HERR STRESEMANN, SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M. BRIAND, AND HERR VON SCHUBERT (PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE).



HERR STRESEMANN, THE CHIEF GERMAN DELEGATE, RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS AFTER HIS SPEECH: AN ENTHUSIASTIC SCENE AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY.

Germany was admitted to the League of Nations, by a unanimous vote, in the Assembly at Geneva, on September 8, and the German delegates were immediately summoned from Berlin. They made their entrance on the 10th, and their leader, Herr Stresemann, was at once invited by the President, M. Nintchitch, to address the Assembly. Herr Stresemann's speech (which was delivered in German and then interpreted in French and English) was heartily applauded. In the course of it he said: "The Divine Architect gave each nation its own characteristics and language, but it surely cannot have been His purpose that they should direct

their national energy against one another. . . . Germany started on the path of co-operation by initiating the Pact of Locarno. . . . It is on a basis of mutual confidence that Germany desires to co-operate." M. Briand, who spoke next, emphasised the significance of a Frenchman following a German Minister on the League platform, and said it meant an end of the long series of wars between the two nations. Each had won enough military glory. He recalled that Herr Stresemann, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and he himself had all worked together to this end. M. Briand received a great ovation.

THE YANGTZE FIGHT: SHIPS AND MEN CONCERNED; AND CASUALTIES.

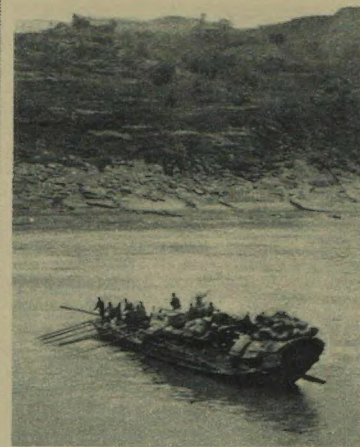
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, RUSSELL (SOUTHSEA), AND CENTRAL PRESS.



H.M.S. "WIDGEON": A SMALL GUNBOAT THAT TOOK PART IN THE ACTION ON THE YANGTZE, AT WANHSIEN.



THE BRITISH CRUISER "HAWKINS": THE FLAG-SHIP OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. ALEXANDER-SINCLAIR, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE CHINA STATION, WHICH RECENTLY LEFT FOR THE SCENE OF FIGHTING ON THE YANGTZE.



A CHINESE RIVER TRANSPORT: A JUNK, PROPELLED BY LONG OARS, CARRYING TROOPS ACROSS THE YANGTZE.



WHERE THE BRITISH GUNBOATS "COCKCHAFFER" (SEEN IN LEFT BACKGROUND) AND "WIDGEON," WITH THE ARMED STEAMER "KIAWO," PERFORMED A GALLANT EXPLOIT ON SEPTEMBER 5, IN RESCUING BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE OFFICERS IMPRISONED IN BRITISH SHIPS SEIZED BY A CHINESE GENERAL, YANG SEN: WANHSIEN, ON THE YANGTZE—SHOWING A TRIBUTARY STREAM IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE HIGH HILLS COMMANDING THE RIVER.



THE KING'S YOUNGEST SON, SERVING IN THE "HAWKINS": LIEUT. PRINCE GEORGE.



SENIOR NAVAL OFFICER IN THE YANGTZE: REAR-ADMIRAL J. E. CAMERON.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE CHINA STATION: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. ALEXANDER-SINCLAIR



KILLED IN THE FIGHTING AT WANHSIEN ON THE YANGTZE: LT C. F. RIDGE.



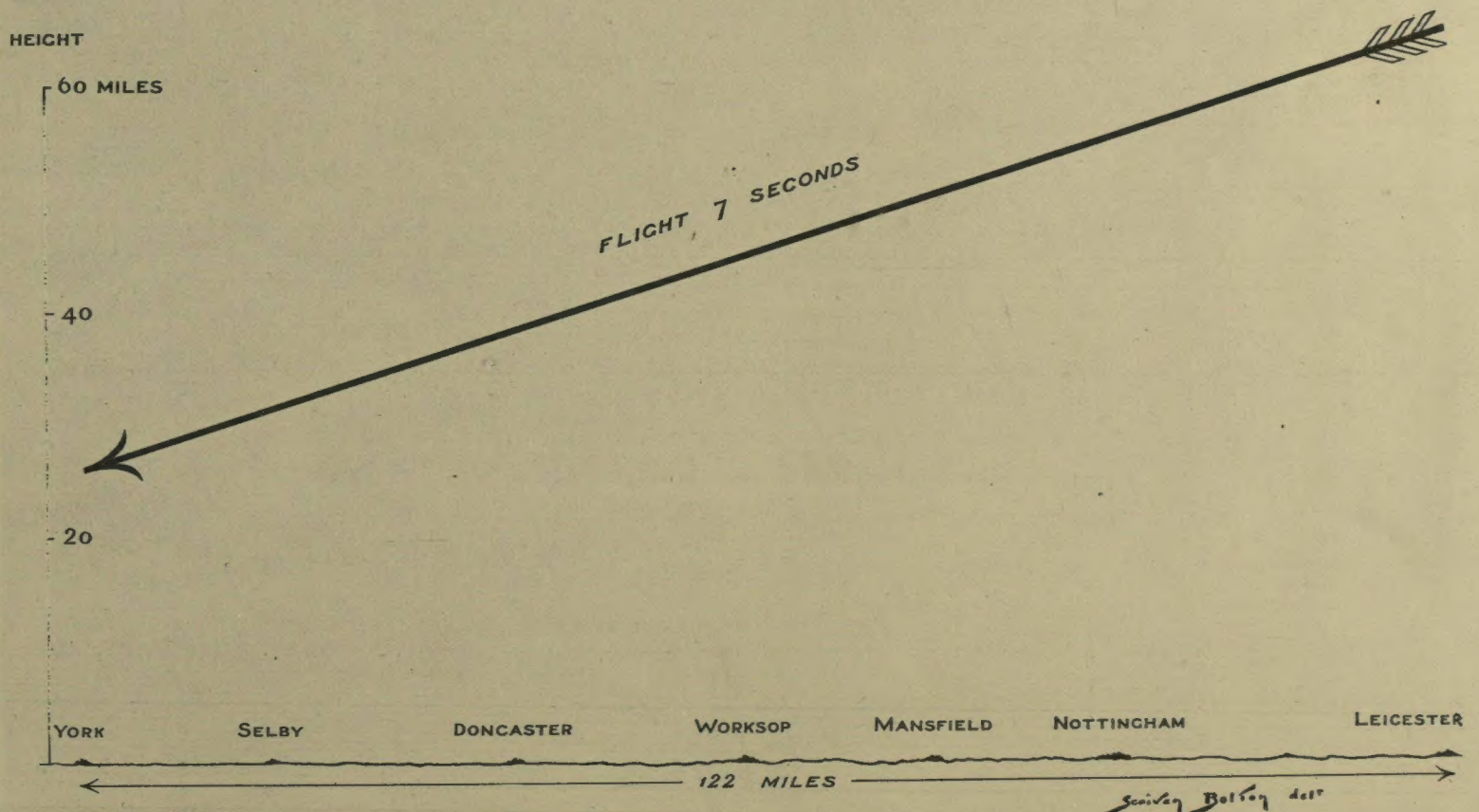
KILLED AT WANHSIEN IN THE "KIAWO": COMMANDER F. C. DARLEY.

The action fought by a small British flotilla on the Yangtze, on September 5, was a very gallant effort against superior forces. The British casualties, unfortunately, were heavy. Three officers (Commander F. C. Darley and Lieutenants C. F. Ridge and A. R. Higgins) and four seamen were killed, and thirteen other seamen were wounded. An Admiralty communiqué stated: "The object of the operation, which was carried out by H.M. gunboats 'Cockchafer' and 'Widgeon' and the steamer 'Kiawo'—the latter manned by officers and men from H.M. ships 'Despatch,' 'Mantis,' and 'Scarab'—was to rescue six British officers of the Mercantile Marine held captive on board two British steamers by 300 Chinese

soldiers, and to recover the steamers themselves, if possible. . . . This most difficult operation, in the face of field-gun fire from the shore and of rifle fire, effected the rescue of five of the six British mercantile officers. It is believed that the sixth was shot while swimming for safety. The 'Cockchafer' previous to the arrival of the 'Widgeon' and 'Kiawo' was in a dangerous position. The operation was successful in extricating her." Later, the British gunboat "Bee," flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Cameron, Senior Naval Officer in the Yangtze, was shelled near Hankow by Cantonese forces. The aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. "Hermes," was recently ordered to Hong-Kong from the Aegean.

A FIREBALL THAT FLASHED OVER ENGLAND AT 18 MILES A SECOND.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A.



THE REMARKABLE SKY PHENOMENON OF SEPTEMBER 6: THE EXPLODING FIREBALL AS SEEN FROM YORK.

"The remarkable flashes of light witnessed by thousands of people at 9.45 p.m. on September 6," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "were due to an exceptionally large meteorite, or fireball, descending low in our atmosphere. Data collected by Mr. Denning indicate that it travelled from south to north, over the towns shown in the above diagram, at an average speed of 18 miles a second. By friction with our air, it became vaporised, and reduced to powder, when within 26 miles of the earth's surface, over a point a little west of York. Had it continued its course, it would have fallen to earth near Middlesbrough.

In several parts of Yorkshire the flashes of light, due to a series of violent explosions, almost converted night into day, followed by a noise as of thunder. At Hull, Bridlington, Pocklington, Selby, and other towns, the rattling of windows caused considerable alarm. The brilliant light was visible from every part of England, as well as in the Isle of Wight. Not since November 11, 1924, has a similar spectacle been seen. Space is strewn with fireballs, or solid bodies, of various shapes and sizes. Most of them are believed to be remnants of disintegrated comets."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is often said that man has conquered the globe, and there is nothing left to discover, so that the romance of exploration is dead. Yet I do not observe any marked decrease in books of travel and adventure. The earth has not become less alluring since it was mapped and charted, and apparently there are still some readers who enjoy setting forth, by proxy,

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide.

To transport them on such vicarious voyages, indeed, the publishers continue to launch fleets of new volumes.

During the present century the air has been added to the land and sea as a medium of adventure, and has amassed its own particular library. A memorable addition thereto is "THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT." Being the personal narratives of Lowell Smith, Erik Nelson, Leigh Wade, Leslie Arnold, Henry Ogden, John Harding. Written by Lowell Thomas. With ninety illustrations and two Maps (Hutchinson; 24s. net). The book has all the breeziness proper to the subject, and characteristic of the narrators. These "Six World Fliers" were young officers of the United States Army Air Service, who "put a girdle round about the earth" in 363 hours and 7 minutes of actual flying time, between the dates of April 6 and September 28, 1924, starting and finishing at Seattle, and covering a total distance of 26,345 miles. On their return to America, the King cabled his congratulations, and the Prince of Wales, who happened to be in New York when they arrived, greeted them in person and expressed the same sentiments, more informally, in the words: "Great show, boys. Well done." Every British reader of the book will endorse these royal compliments.

As to the literary *liaison* between the airmen and their historian, both they and he have something interesting to say. Mr. Lowell Thomas, who had already proved his ability in playing Boswell to men of action by his previous book, "With Lawrence in Arabia," had here a task more difficult, owing to the vast extent and diversity of the expedition, and to the conditions in which he wrote. He has performed it well. In their own foreword the airmen write: "During the time that Mr. Lowell Thomas was flying with us for thousands of miles, in an accompanying 'plane, we were passing through the busiest days of our lives. How he managed to assemble the details in a connected and readable form will always be a mystery to us." He, on his side, says: "The story of the first flight round the world was related to me by the boys themselves in the days when we lived and flew together, after they had returned to American soil. It is told as they told it to me, hurriedly, laughingly, in trains and hotels, while their minds were filled with quite other matters than pioneering an air-path across Arctic storms, Siamese jungles, Arabian deserts, and the friendless North Atlantic. But to anyone who knows what danger means, or has ever flown, their story is glorious and gallant."

The interest of an aerial journey is not confined to the air. Apart from mishaps or narrow escapes during flight, it is perhaps even stronger in the intervals of descent. Thus—as one example out of many—we get a delightful picture of the airmen learning to handle chopsticks under the tuition of dainty little Geisha in Japan. Again, Lieutenant Wade gives us an amusing glimpse of "life on the ocean wave," as he experienced it one night in a destroyer. As the story has to do with books, it seems appropriate to quote it here—

A gale blew that first night at Paramushiru, and it was a stem-winder. The officers insisted on giving us their bunks. . . . On one side (of my bunk) was a book-case, and once when the destroyer gave a lurch the books all tumbled out on top of me. I got up and put them back carefully. But a moment later she gave another lurch, with the result that Webster's Abridged Dictionary hit me on the jaw and nearly broke it; Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" plumped on my stomach; while a little volume of "Much Ado About Nothing" nearly put out one eye. Just as I reached up to switch on the light, Irwin Cobb's "Roughing It De Luxe" caught me in the ear. Never had I been so intimately in touch with literature!

The sea again claims the leading rôle (I did not intend a pun—but let it pass) in "VENTURESOME VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN VOSS," Second Edition; with an Introduction by Weston Martyn; illustrated with numerous photographs (Martin Hopkinson; 12s. 6d. net). But if the sea is the protagonist of the story, the land had a part in the career of the book, for we learn that the first edition was published at Yokohama, and most of it was destroyed in the great earthquake, so that copies are extremely rare. Captain Voss was a sailor who did amazing things in small craft. In the *Tilikum*—a thirty-foot Indian dugout canoe, decked and adapted—he and one companion sailed 40,000 miles, from British Columbia across the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand, and thence to the Indian Ocean and the Cape, across the Atlantic to Brazil, and so to London by way of the Azores. Considering the size of the boat, such a voyage round the world was as wonderful in its way as the American flight. In another little boat, Captain Voss went treasure-hunting to Cocos Island, and in a third (only 19 ft. long) he rode out a typhoon! Mr. Weston Martyn, who vouches for these facts, recommends Voss's book, and his advice on seamanship, as "pure gold." The captain tells his astonishing tale in plain, sailorly fashion, not without the salt of humour.

On a preliminary glance at "THE VOYAGE OF THE 'DAYSRING,'" by A. C. G. Hastings; illustrated (Lane; 12s. 6d. net), I rather expected a story of a yachting cruise, like "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," but closer inspection

A similar literary tribute

to another eminent British administrator, a republication of his own work by his widow, is entitled "TO MESOPOTAMIA AND KURDISTAN IN DISGUISE," With Historical Notices of the Kurdish Tribes and the Chaldeans of Kurdistan, by E. B. Soane; Second Edition; with a Memoir of the Author by Sir Arnold T. Wilson (John Murray; 18s. net). I find this book very engrossing as a true tale of adventure combined with description and history. The author, whose character, at once masterful, conciliatory, and erudite, suggests a blend of John Nicholson, Sir Richard Burton, and Colonel T. E. Lawrence, had a remarkable career in the Middle East. Among other things he became a Mohammedan. He held banking and Consular appointments in Persia and in Iraq, where, during and after the war, he did fine service as a Political Officer, until that form of personal rule became incompatible with the new autonomy. Soane died at sea on his way to London for medical advice in 1923. Almost to the last he was at work on his Kurdish dictionary.

In the same year, a few months later, on a distant isle in the Antipodes, died another remarkable man, whose widow has rendered homage to his memory by issuing a posthumous work from his pen. The book is called "LAST LEAVES FROM DUNK ISLAND" by E. J. Banfield, author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber"; with Introduction by A. H. Chisholm and thirty-four illustrations (Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Australia; 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Chisholm begins with a scene of dramatic pathos—

On the 5th of June, 1923, the small steamer *Innisfail* was passing between Dunk Island and the coast of northern Queensland, when the captain noticed a figure waving from the island beach. . . . As the vessel proceeded the figure on the beach collapsed. At once the *Innisfail* was stopped and a party went to investigate. Thus the world learned of the death of E. J. Banfield . . . the most renowned literary man of his kind in Australian history, and, perhaps, the most striking naturalist recluse of modern times. The signaller on the beach was Mrs. Banfield, who had been alone with her dead for three days. So ended a tropic idyll of twenty-five years' duration.

To anyone not already familiar with Banfield's books, a good idea of his life and personality might be gained from the many comparisons they have suggested. He has been called "the modern Crusoe," "the R. L. S. of Dunk Island," and "a combination of Gilbert White and Thoreau," and likened also to Herman Melville, Prospero, the banished Duke in Arden, and the Beloved Vagabond. Doubtless all these elements occurred in his composition, but I think

the only person he fully resembled was Edmund James Banfield. His retreat to his "isle of Eden" followed a breakdown "due to the weariness, the fever, and the fret of crowded years of newspaper work." For most journalists there is no such earthly paradise in store: they must still "sit and hear each other groan!"

Brief mention, I regret, must be the portion here of several other attractive books of travel and experience. "A BOOK OF SOUTH INDIA," by J. Chartres Molony; illustrated (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net), is a vivid and humorous work by a retired I.C.S. official, with an intimate knowledge of Indian life and character. It includes some interesting chapters on the French and Portuguese possessions. "INDIA," by the Earl of Ronaldshay, ex-Governor of Bengal (Cambridge University Press; 1s. net), is a booklet containing a brilliant lecture, delivered at Cambridge, on India's past and future. In "A WANDERER IN ROME" (Methuen; 10s. 6d. net), Mr. E. V. Lucas describes the Eternal City with all his accustomed charm, enhanced by sixteen admirable colour-plates, besides thirty-six photographs. "A WAYFARER IN SWEDEN," by Frederic Whyte; illustrated (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net), puts the reader pleasantly *en rapport* with a land that is becoming more and more popular with British holiday-makers.

C. E. B.



THE IRISH CINEMA TRAGEDY: THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK BLESSING COFFINS CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF FORTY-EIGHT VICTIMS, BEFORE BURIAL, AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF DROMCOLLIHER.

The funeral rites of those burnt to death in the terrible cinema fire at Drumcolliher, Co. Limerick, on September 5, were conducted at the village church by the Bishop of Limerick, the Most Rev. Dr. David Keane, and Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, Premier of the Irish Free State, attended the funeral service. There were forty-eight coffins, and those containing unidentified bodies were buried together in the same grave. Only twenty-two could be identified with any certainty. The King and Queen sent a message of sympathy to the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, as also did the Governor of Northern Ireland.

Photograph by Sport and General.

proved this association of ideas to be very wide of the mark. In the words of the sub-title, the book is "the journal of the late Sir John Hawley Glover, R.N., G.C.M.G., together with some account of the Expedition up the Niger in 1857." Sir John Glover, who later became Governor of Lagos, was a great pioneer of West African colonisation, and one of the makers of modern Nigeria. As Lady Glover, his widow, says in her introduction, very little of its early history is known. In Mr. Hastings, author of "Nigerian Days," she found an ideal editor for the journal.

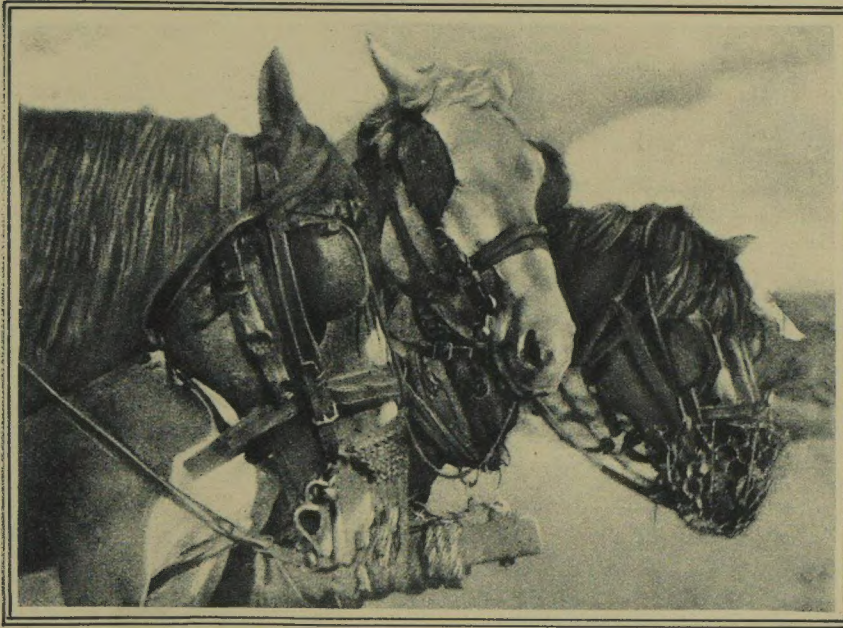
Lieutenant Glover, as he was then, went out in the *Dayspring*—a small 77-ton ship combining sail and steam—to make an official survey of the Niger. He did splendid work and overcame many perils and difficulties, before and after the vessel struck the Ju-Ju rock and sank in the stream. Curiously enough, the relief ship sent to her crew's aid was named the *Sunbeam*. Relics of the *Dayspring*—part of her little engine and crankshaft—are preserved to-day as a memorial on the station platform at Jebba. This book commemorates the man who, looking from a mountain-top over the great river seventy years ago, dreamed of a day when its waters should be cleansed of blood.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed.

His were not the visions of a slave, but of one who helped to pave the way for the deliverance of Nigeria from bondage.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: EXAMPLES AT THE LONDON SALON.

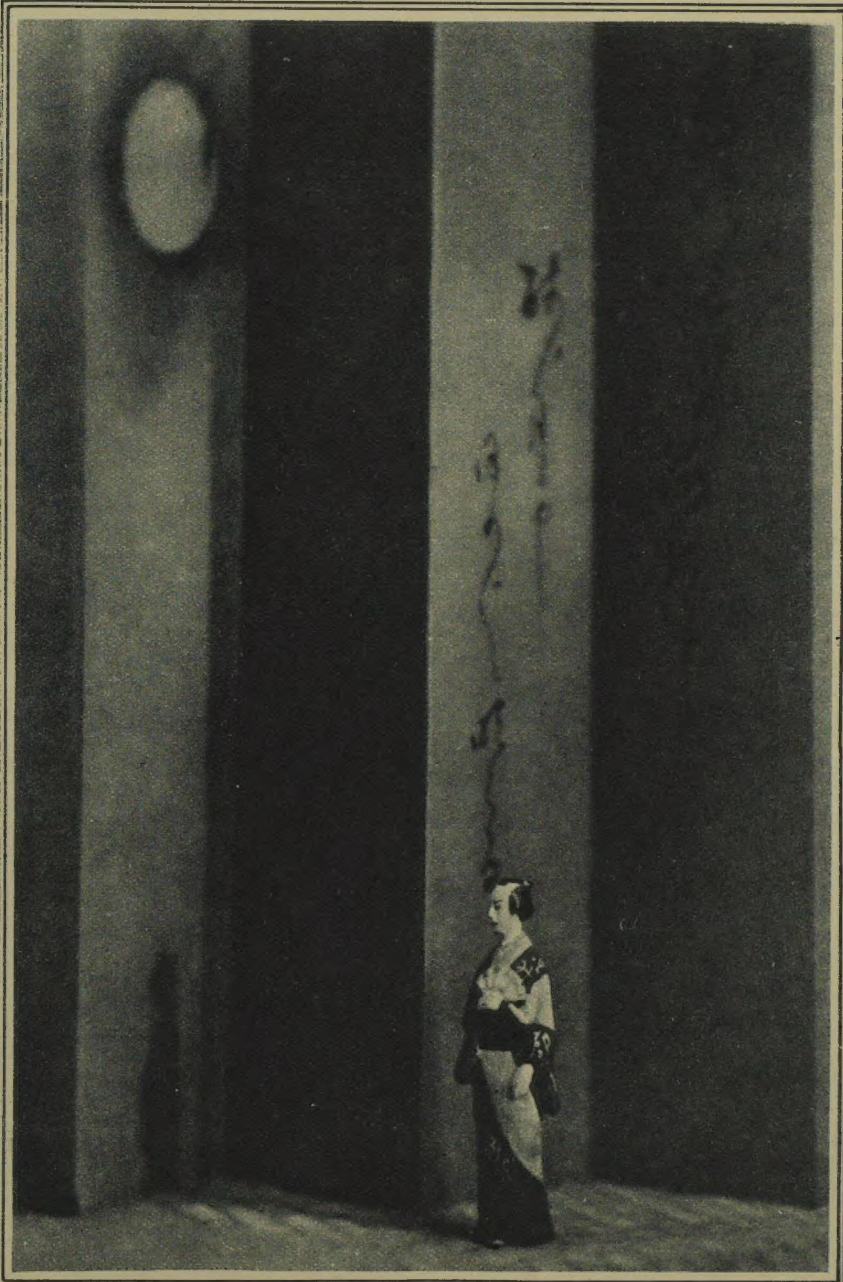
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN AT THE 1926 INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. BY COURTESY OF THE SALON.



"THREE OLD COMRADES": BY THE VICOMTE DE SONTEUL.



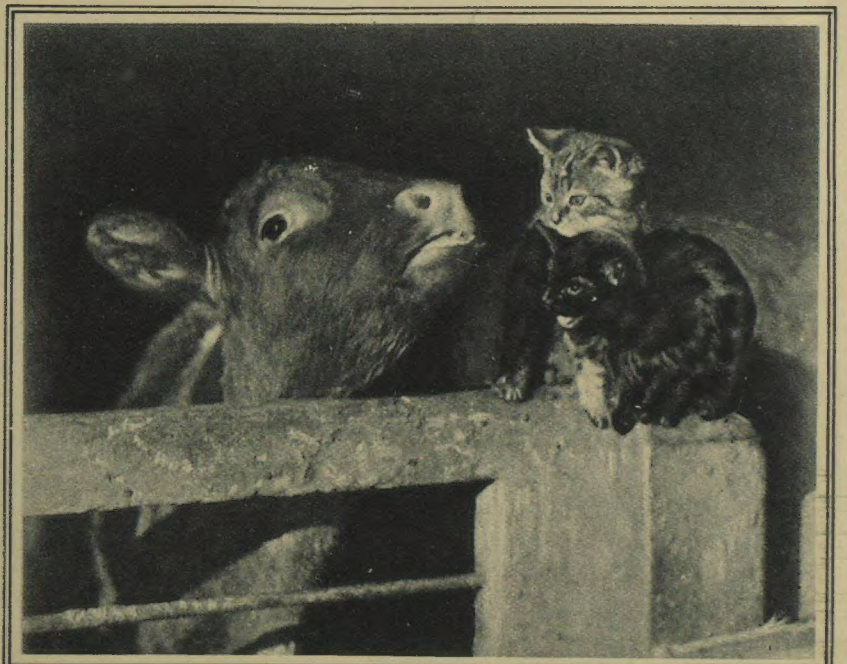
"LITTLE THIEF." BY H. T. MAYEDA.



"OUT OF AN OLD ROMANCE." BY K. SHIMOJIMA.



"BLACKSMITHS." BY LOWTHER KEMP.



"INTRUSION." BY C. A. BROMLEY.

The possibilities of photography as a fine art have long been appreciated, and are becoming more and more realised every year. Not only is it possible to obtain by the camera beautiful effects of light and shade, with softness of atmosphere, but the skilful photographer can encroach on the province of the artist in other directions. By clever choice of subject and grouping of figures,

human or animal, he can get those touches of humour, pathos, or romance which distinguish imaginative art from mere reproduction. These qualities are well illustrated in the above examples from the new International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography for 1926, in the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at 5a, Pall Mall East.

The Mothering of Joseph Conrad: Life as a Novel.

"JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM." By JESSIE CONRAD.*

WRITING to his wife, Joseph Conrad was wont to subscribe himself "Your own property." In doing so, he paid willing and just tribute to one who watched over him with love and with wonder. Yet, mothered as he was, he was the freest of beings—a wayward, forgetful child flinging obedience aside even as he flicked the forbidden bread pellets across the table when his guests excited or annoyed him!

"Few artists are well fitted to deal with the ordinary difficulties of life," comments Mrs. Conrad, "and Conrad had far too lively an imagination for everyday events. He lived life as a novel; he exaggerated simple trifles, though quite unconsciously. But his imagination made him a wonderful talker. I have been amazed sometimes while hearing him talk and hold a whole roomful spellbound. In those days, before his voice became uncertain, before he grew to distrust it, and in consequence to strain it till it was sometimes painful to listen to him, he would start off, spurred by some remark, and recall some long-forgotten incident out of the depths of his memory. He would pace the room, gesticulating in his usual picturesque manner, and his hearers would be very attentive and for the most part silent. But now and then perhaps someone would interrupt with a question; this temerity usually called forth a more emphatic statement, and still more energetic movements of the hands. Often and often I have sat and marvelled at the extent to which, in his mouth, the same story varied. Each statement, if the same in the main, would be entirely different in detail. I suppose, with a born novelist, the mixture of fact and fiction in narration does always tend to vary."

Given such mental equipment, Conrad, it might be thought, would write with facility. He did not. When his work "hung in the wind," he had to be cosseted at any cost. For days, for weeks, sometimes for months, he would not produce a line, and could but sit tight, waiting for inspiration. Then would come the idea; the vague would take form and substance—and the trouble would begin.

Cite the completion of "Victory" as recorded by Mrs. Conrad. "I remember the day so well that this novel was finished. He had been having many troubled days fighting his way to the end of it. He had been very erratic, and had taken his meals mostly alone for two or three weeks. I had been forced to warn callers off, for although he would hardly have been aware of them, there was the possibility that he would need my presence or would wander in search of me, insufficiently clad—at least, for visitors. . . . I stood talking to the old gardener in low tones, when the window above me was thrown violently open and Conrad thrust his head out. His voice was hoarse, and his appearance dishevelled; the gardener lifted a scared face. 'She's dead, Jess!' 'Who?' I asked, suddenly feeling sick. 'Why, Lena, of course, and I've got the title: it is "Victory." He flung his cigarette out of the window and muttered the injunction, 'Don't come near me. I am going to lie down.'

"It was more than two hours before I ventured to disturb him. . . . The room—it was our only spare one—was littered with papers that stirred uneasily as I opened the door. More than one cigarette had burnt itself out on the table at the end of the bed, and one still smouldered in a deep ash-tray by his side, full of stumps."

It was ever thus. To quote again: "Often in later years would Conrad attempt to write on odd pieces of paper in remote corners of the garden. Once he even annexed the only bath-room we had. He would give no reason for his strange choice, but for over a week our bathing hours were greatly restricted. In another phase he would wear only a greatly faded bath-robe, and insisted on working

in the conservatory which adjoined the drawing-room. This necessitated posting a maid as scout near the front door to warn me of intending callers. . . . Conrad often declared that he detested his study, but I noticed he was never at ease unless his familiar books were at hand. A cigarette burn usually adorned their covers, and I have suffered

be brought to a stop by a gate or by a cow and be driven home with a mudguard "hanging down like the broken wing of a bird."

And he would have presentiments. There were those hours during the war when he was certain that his son Borys had been killed. Mrs. Conrad found a maid weeping. Her master had said that Borys was dead. "I know he has been killed!" he whispered. "I saw that he was in no condition to be reasoned with. I could only soothe him as I would have soothed a child. Presently he grew a little calmer, and after a time he consented to eat something; soon he was sleeping soundly." The boy was well.

None will cavil at Mrs. Conrad's summing-up: "Looking back over the years that stretch behind me, years we spent together, his sudden death seems to have been inevitable; indeed, taking into consideration his indifferent health and nervous temperament, I marvel that he lived so long.

"His whole attitude to life was opposed to any idea of rest; he gave the impression of continual restlessness. A friend of his who had known him longer than I told me that he had been always the same, even at sea: he was never still, never in repose, even when resting. It is perfectly true that he wore himself out. The end was like a long, breathless pause—a pause that seems to last still."

It was this very restlessness, perhaps, that accounted for his changing of dates, one of the queerest of his fancies. "In early days," his wife recalls, "I often transgressed by attempting to correct his dates.

I have heard him repeatedly give the date of our marriage as two years later than it was. At first I interrupted him eagerly, pointing out that our boy was born that year. He would turn quickly towards me, frowning his displeasure: 'You will allow me, my dear, to know as much about it as you do. After all, he is my son as well as yours—besides, I never consider you as old as that.' Though this was not a very cogent argument, I had perforce to hold my tongue. It is a curious fact that in all his dated statements he is usually two years out. Everything happened two years earlier than he says, almost without exception."

Indeed an "arbitrary gent" I Fastidious also. Not only had he that type of mind which so loathes the sight of pain and distress that the war was a horror, a nightmare, to him, but he was almost fantastically squeamish on occasion. Mrs. Conrad relates an instance, trivial if you will, but illuminating. "Once a new maid, unaware of his dislike of having the joint on the dining-table, proudly placed before him half a calf's head. It was quite elegantly prepared, but unfortunately it looked what it was. He gave one disgusted glance at it, promptly reversed his chair, and sat with his back to the dish."

Nevertheless, with it all, he hungered now and again to return to the roughness of the ship. "Several times while he was writing his early books, Conrad made several half-hearted attempts to escape from the world of letters and return once again to his old mistress, the sea. . . . As it happened, the only time he spent again at sea was during the war, on that trip of a fortnight or so, aboard the mystery ship, with Commander Sutherland." The fact is that "he could not have kept from writing even had he been blessed with enough of this world's goods as to have made writing unnecessary." The labour was terrible; but the parenthood was worth every moment of the agony. It is well

that it was so: otherwise Joseph Conrad, Master Novelist, would have been Joseph Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski, Master Mariner.

There we leave his wife's intimate appreciation, recommending it as a revelation of a remarkable personality. None can fail to find it fascinating as a study of that genius which, despite the saw, is inborn, a great deal more than a capacity for taking infinite pains.

E. H. G.



FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE NIGHT VIEW OF DAYTON, OHIO, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT 3000 FT.

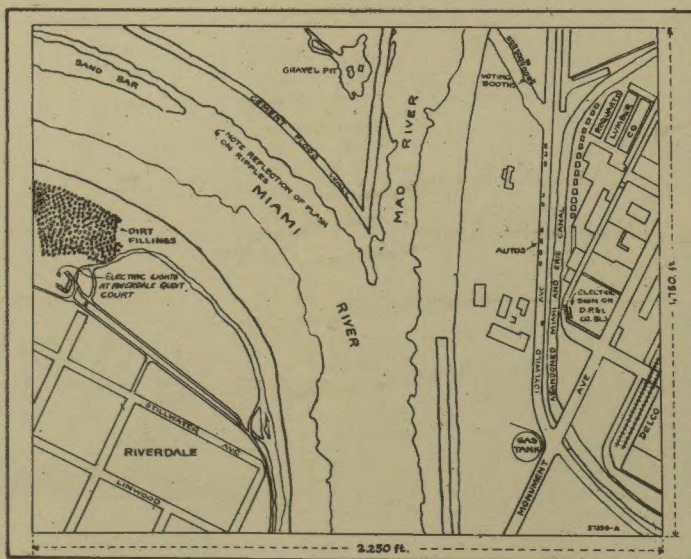
This remarkable photograph, shown in the Royal Photographic Society's new Exhibition, was taken by flashlight, at 3000 ft., from an American Army Air Service aeroplane, and shows the confluence of the Miami and the Mad River at Dayton, Ohio. The flash was produced by releasing a 50-lb. flash-powder bomb ignited by a short time-fuse. The effective duration of the flash was one-fortieth of a second.

Photograph by the Engineering Division, U.S. Army Air Service. By Courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society.

if the books happened to belong to someone else. Sheets and table-linen were hall-marked in the same manner."

Nor was that all, especially when gout was painful and persistent. Many were the moods; trying were the manners; unforeseeable were the ways of this man "with a nature so charming, yet often hypersensitive and broodingly reserved."

An "impulse of sympathy" would take the novelist to the funeral of a child unknown to him; his expression and his words would reflect the tone of the story upon which he was engaged; his habitual impatience would strengthen to almost brutal brusqueness as the pages of his manuscript were read to



A KEY-PLAN OF THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH: AN OUTLINE MAP OF DAYTON, OHIO, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

him; "Speak distinctly; if you're tired, say so; don't eat your words," he would grumble. "You English are all alike; you make the same sound for every letter." His absent-mindedness was such that, using a whip without being conscious of doing so, he would so startle his old mare that she would fall and he would sail out of his trap, "like a huge frog"; and, as to his motor-car, that ancient single-cylinder Cadillac, very high on its wheels, it would

* "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him." By Jessie Conrad. (William Heinemann; 6s. net.)

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS NATURALIST: NOTABLE STUDIES AT THE R.P.S.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY SECTION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S 1926 EXHIBITION. BY COURTESY OF THE SOCIETY.



"A. PRAYING MANTIS AND HER EGGS":
BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.



"THE GREAT WOOD SPIDER (*NEPHILA MACULATA*)" OF THE
BENGAL JUNGLE: BY O. J. WILKINSON, M.I.C.E., F.R.P.S.



"A SHOEBILL, OR WHALE-HEADED HERON":
BY F. W. BOND.



"A FLYING SQUIRREL":
BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.



"A CINEREOUS VULTURE ('REBECCA')"
BY F. W. BOND.

This year's Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, at 35, Russell Square, is full of interest as usual. We reproduce above some of the most notable examples in the section of natural history, a branch of science in which photography nowadays plays an increasingly important part. Mr. Oswald J. Wilkinson's photograph of the great wood spider shows it as seen in its natural habitat in

the jungles of Bengal, during the latter part of the monsoon (September-October). The one seen in the picture is the female. The male is several hundred times less in weight, and too small to be shown by the camera, though it is present in the snare. This photograph was reproduced in "The Year's Photography," the Exhibition Special Number of "The Photographic Journal."

The World of the Theatre.

"AND SO TO BED": ROMANTIC COSTUME COMEDY.

EGAD, and a mighty fine entertainment Mr. Fagan provides for us at the Queen's. Does he dig his ore from the Diary of the garrulous and genial Mr. Samuel Pepys, and capture his atmosphere from the comedies of the Restoration, mummified to-day in their stained quartos or cracked leather bindings? Yes, and no. He has certainly learned to love and appreciate the Secretary of the Admiralty, overheard his chattily confidential talk, deciphered the most intimately familiar of Englishmen to such effect that he walks the stage again for us—this Pepys whom Evelyn describes as "universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men." But Evelyn's panegyric is brought into proportion by the frank and ingenuous confessions of the Diarist himself. He discloses himself as inquisitive, childish, vain, quarrelsome, with a great zest for life and a passion for a pretty face. Brave and cowardly, faithful in duty and unfaithful in love, strutting in fine clothes to the play or the tavern or an address which is not the Admiralty, full of violent delights, sometimes contemptible, yet never odious: this is the figure which has intrigued Mr. Fagan, and a wonderfully fair and rounded portrait he gives us.

But Mr. Fagan is not writing a chronological history, and he skilfully disarms those critics who would take the measure of his hero by checking his career against the Diary, by setting his period a few days after the last entry. He snaps his fingers and enjoys his own pretty invention. I will not be a spoilsport and tell you the story—a mighty fine story, to be sure—and though it might be improbable, it could not be impossible. This is Mr. Pepys, to whom all things

are possible. Perhaps the happiest epitome of his character is in the phrase of Coleridge: "A pollard man without a top . . . but on this account more broadly branching out from the upper trunk." Our main enjoyment is in his love-making, those amours which are the very food of comedy, and those brushes with his pretty and shrewish Elizabeth, who knows her Samuel. If you want the truth about a man, ask his wife. She has no illusions. How the Secretary of the Admiralty puffed himself out in Mrs. Knight's apartments when he spoke of his four-hour speech—for which he fortified himself with mulled sack and brandy—declaring himself to be a very Cicero both in politics and love-making! How he shrinks into the humble penitent when he is ultimately discovered by Mrs. Pepys! That crying match of reconciliation is such delicate and delicious comedy that we laugh and laugh again. I thank Mr. Fagan for this Mrs. Pepys. This penniless, fifteen-year-old daughter of an exiled Huguenot had much to put up with, and if this enchanting creature was really the Secretary of the Admiralty's wife, I find it easier to blame him than excuse him, and do not doubt his unwavering love of her. For Pepys, though

a humbug, was never a conscious hypocrite. Doubtless he felt mighty uncomfortable in the pews of Southwark when Bunyan held forth, and much preferred the utilitarian unctuousness of Gifford; but we must remember his generosity to his people, his defence of the poor sailors, his tireless service for the King, and his account of Aunt James who talked "of nothing but God Almighty and that with so much innocence that mightily pleased me." Mr. Fagan has not lost sight of this more distinguished side, and so, though for the sake of entertaining comedy he needs must stress his weakness for supper-parties, music, and pretty women, he gives us hints of Evelyn's figure of "great integrity." But this charming Mrs. Pepys of Mr. Fagan's imagination does more than delight us. She prevents us from ever taking her husband seriously. We agree with King Charles—

is the delight of the situation or the witty illumination of character. This is a Caroline play, without its vices, writ in the twentieth century, a comedy sporting with fancies, remote enough from passion to avoid any cloud of tragedy, and yet human and vital enough with its naughtiness, its humour, its comic appreciations of character, to make it thoroughly enjoyable.

After such a "glut of pleasure," I feel it rather ungenerous to criticise details. But since Mr. Fagan created his hero with such care, one wonders why he caricatured Pelham Humphrey so mercilessly. And is it needful, even for the sake of authenticity, to labour the opening with such long speeches—though the language for the most part comes from the Diary? If this opening, before the appearance of Mrs. Pepys, could be speeded up, the comedy

would be well-nigh perfect. Yet these are small matters. It is a fine thing that we can have such a fresh romance to lay a toil on our fancy. It is a fine thing to escape the drawing-room asperities and solemn thumbing of sexual experiences we have so filled our theatres with. It is a fine thing to meet Mr. Pepys and Mistress Pepys (O Romance, show me such a pretty wife as this!); to see Mr. Edmund Gwenn in all his vanities as the Diarist, a dear humbug, yet ever lovable; to hear Miss Mary Grey as the stately singer at the harpsichord, and watch how proudly she addresses the King; to observe Mr. Allen Jeayes as Charles II.—how lightly he fingers his satin cravat, while supercilious, odious smiles play on his face; to listen to Mr. Ivan Samson, as the fastidious elegant, sing a measure from Lully—these are fine pleasures indeed. Nor must I forget the excel-

lent music played on viol, viol da gamba, harpsichord, and flute by the orchestra, under the direction of Miss Nellie Chaplin, for what piece about Pepys would be complete without music? Above all—and this is the finest of pleasures—is Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Mrs. Pepys. She must never again be permitted to squander such talents on musical comedy and farce. So delicious is her sense of comedy, so gay is her laughter, so charming in every mood, so attractive with that French accent, tempestuous or tender she makes Mrs. Pepys so adorably lovable that criticism is dumb. Enchanting Elizabeth! How could the old rogue run off to Mrs. Knight and such "alarums and excursions"! How could he make eyes to every pretty wench and tell such little lies! But Mr. Pepys was given to Romance, and methinks Mr. Fagan has caught his habit, for this Mrs. Pepys was never set down in the Diary. A "mightily pleasant" comedy, which I thoroughly enjoyed, and which fills me with cheerful recollections. In spite of his oaths of fidelity, I know Samuel will be at his games again, but I know that Elizabeth will never lose his affection. They will storm and be friends, and then with lighted candle climb the stair arm-in-arm—"And So to Bed." G. F. H.



"AND SO TO BED," MR. J. B. FAGAN'S PEPYSIAN COMEDY AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MISS MARY GREY AS MRS. KNIGHT, MR. ALLAN JEAYES AS CHARLES II., AND MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AS MRS. PEPYS.

Mr. J. B. Fagan has devised an amusing comedy round the characters of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, and his jealous wife. Our photograph illustrates the scene in which Pepys, visiting Mrs. Knight, the singer, has to hide in a chest on the sudden appearance of King Charles II. Then comes Mrs. Pepys in pursuit of her husband, and the King, aware that he is in the chest, sits on it beside her, and proceeds to make love. The play is accompanied by incidental music in contemporary style, composed and arranged by Mr. Herbert Hughes.

Photograph by the "Times," Taken during the Performance.

drawn with sinister force as the incarnation of this rotten age—who votes him blind and stupid who could neglect so fascinating a wife.

It has become a commonplace to identify this period of history with every excess. The licentious enormities of the time reflected in its history, literature, and drama, the Hogarthian aspect, find no room in Mr. Fagan's comedy. The dramatist has deodorised this Restoration Age, preserving only the picturesque costumes, fine feathers and fine manners, the glittering superficialities and artificialities, the conceits and phrasing which it is pleasant to remember. The atmosphere is more rarefied; the characters walk on a plane above the realities of the age. He puts the glamour of distance and the enchantment of centuries between. This is romantic costume drama, as far removed from facts as righteousness is from villainy. It is, in Pepys's own words, "mightily pleasant." It has the spell of an old-world tale and the fragrance of lavender. So we see Mr. Pepys set off with his flageolet to make music and love, or watch the King go into his mistress's bed-room, as gentle Elia looked on the vicious Restoration plays. We look on an unreal, fantastic world where the thing that matters

SIX NEW BRITISH FILMS: WELCOME ACTIVITY IN HOME PRODUCTION.



"NELSON": THE CAREER OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST NAVAL HERO—THE DEATH SCENE ON BOARD THE "VICTORY," WITH MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS NELSON.



"LONDON": A ROMANCE OF THE LIMEHOUSE UNDERWORLD FROM A STORY BY THOMAS BURKE—MAVIS HOGAN (MISS DOROTHY GISH, LEFT) IN A COFFEE-STALL SCENE.



"THE RETREAT FROM MONS" (TO BE PRODUCED AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION ON SEPTEMBER 20): THE GUARDS AT LANDRECIES—A SCENE FROM A STIRRING WAR FILM.



"MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES": MADEMOISELLE (MISS ESTELLE BRODY) SAVED FROM THE SPY (M. GABRIEL ROSCA, LEFT) BY JOHN (MR. JOHN STUART, RIGHT) AND FRED (MR. ALF GODDARD, BEHIND).



"PALAVER": AN ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA—CAPTAIN PETER ALLISON (MR. HADDON MASON), A DISTRICT OFFICER, GIVES ORDERS TO SEARCH THE COMPOUND.



"THE LODGER": A MURDER MYSTERY AFTER THE NOVEL BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES: (L. TO R.) MRS. BUNTING (MISS MARIE AULT), JOE CHANDLER (MR. MALCOLM KEEN), AND MR. BUNTING (MR. ARTHUR CHESNEY).

Picturegoers will be glad to learn that six big new British films have just been trade-shown in London with a view to early production, and will doubtless welcome this activity in the home industry. The first to be seen by the public, on September 20 at the Marble Arch Pavilion, will be "The Retreat from Mons" (New Era), a war film by the producers of "Ypres" and "Zeebrugge." In "Nelson" (New Era) the name part is taken by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, who has made such a success in "The Farmer's Wife" at the Court Theatre. "London" (British National Pictures) is a film version of one of Mr. Thomas Burke's well-

known stories of "Chinatown" in Limehouse, with Miss Dorothy Gish as the heroine. "Mademoiselle from Armentières" (Gaumont) is a thrilling spy drama and love story of the war, in which all but one of the actors served. "Palaver" (New Era) is a tale of peril and adventures in Northern Nigeria, where the scenes were filmed. "The Lodger" is an exciting London murder mystery, founded on a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Mr. Ivor Novello is the mysterious "lodger," and his performance is likely to be as big an attraction as "The Rat." The heroine is played by the charming actress known as June.

CANBERRA IN THE MAKING: THE AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TO BE INAUGURATED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



CANBERRA'S FIRST RAILWAY STATION: THE MODEST PRECURSOR, IT MAY BE, OF SOME LARGE TERMINUS OF THE FUTURE.



THE "WASHINGTON" OF AUSTRALIA IN THE MAKING: PART OF COMMONWEALTH—A VIEW FROM RED HILL LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING



THE SITE OF CANBERRA, THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITAL OF THE WIDE PLATEAU ON WHICH THE CITY IS GRADUALLY ARISING.



THE OLD CHURCH AT CANBERRA: A VERY ENGLISH TYPE, RECALLING STOKES POGES, THE SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY."



CANBERRA'S FIRST ROW OF SHOPS, WITH THE ONE AND ONLY "BOWSER" (PETROL PUMP) AT PRESENT IN THE TERRITORY: PERHAPS A NUCLEUS OF BIG ESTABLISHMENTS.



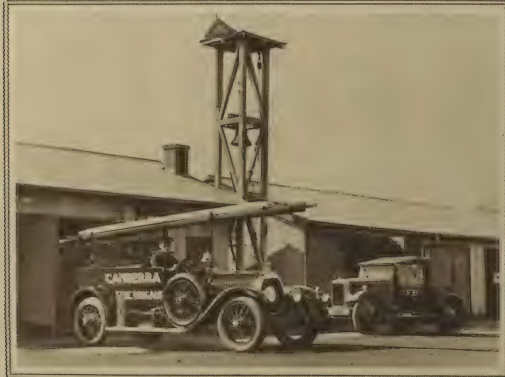
THE BEGINNINGS OF A RESIDENTIAL QUARTER IN CANBERRA: TYPES OF



BUNGALOW COTTAGES WHICH ARE BEING ERECTED, COSTING £2000 EACH.



CANBERRA'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL, AT TELOPEA PARK: A PICTURESQUE EXAMPLE OF THE BUNGALOW STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE THERE IN VOGUE.



CANBERRA'S FIRST FIRE BRIGADE: A MOTOR-VEHICLE CARRYING A FIRE-ESCAPE OVERHEAD—SHOWING ALSO THE ALARM BELL IN THE BACKGROUND.



SET ON A HIGH AND SPACIOUS PLATEAU, ALMOST ENCIRCLED BY WOODED MOUNTAINS: CANBERRA AS IT IS TO-DAY, OF AN IMPORTANT CITY OF THE FUTURE.



RANGES OF WOODED MOUNTAINS: CANBERRA AS IT IS TO-DAY, OF AN IMPORTANT CITY OF THE FUTURE.



THE HOTEL CANBERRA, WITH A CORNER OF THE QUADRANGLE: AN UNPRETENTIOUS BUILDING, THE "FORERUNNER," NO DOUBT, OF SOMETHING MORE PALATIAL.

Australia's new Federal capital, Canberra, is one of the few instances of a new city being planned from the outset on a large scale where no city was before. The Houses of Parliament (illustrated on a two-colour page in this number) are to be inaugurated on May 9 next by the Duke and Duchess of York, who will open, on behalf of the King, the first session of the Commonwealth Parliament to be held there. In a message to the Governor-General of Australia, the Secretary for Dominion Affairs said: "Their Majesties the King and Queen preserve the happiest recollections of their own visit to Australia in 1901, as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, to open the first Federal Parliament, and rejoice to think that they will be associated, through the presence of their son and daughter-in-law, with the inauguration of the Federal capital, which marks a further important stage in the progress of Australia, and which they

trust may be the commencement of a new era of prosperity for the Commonwealth." The Australian authorities intend to make Canberra a model city, both from the æsthetic and the sanitary point of view. When the naming ceremony was performed, in 1913, Mr. King O'Malley, the Minister largely responsible for its foundation, declared that Canberra was to be "smokeless, dustless, mudless, odourless, and slumless." Animal transport and steam traction, it is said, will not be permitted; all vehicles must be mechanically propelled, and all trains entering the city must be driven by electricity. Such chimneys as are allowed must be smoke-consuming. In short, Canberra aims at being "as clean as a royal bedchamber," and so far this ideal has been very well maintained. At present the city is in an unfinished state, although some £5,000,000 has already been spent on it, but great developments are expected in the future.

TO BE VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: CANBERRA TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



A VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WILL STAY: PART OF THE SITE OF CANBERRA, WITH A PICTURESQUE RANGE OF MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.



WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WILL STAY WHEN THEY VISIT CANBERRA: FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BEARING THE DATE "1891" ON THE LEFT GABLE.

Canberra, the new capital of the Commonwealth of Australia, to be inaugurated by the Duke and Duchess of York (according to present arrangements) on May 9 next year, is situated in the southern part of New South Wales, about 160 miles south-west of Sydney. The whole Federal District, of which Canberra forms the centre, occupies an area of 900 square miles. The site of the capital is ideal for the development of a great city on spacious and dignified lines amid beautiful natural surroundings. It is a wide and lofty plateau, encircled on almost every side by ranges of wooded mountains, and through it flows the river Molonglo in

winding curves. The city is being laid out in accordance with designs selected in a competition held by the Commonwealth Government some twenty years ago. The buildings at present erected include the Federal Government House (shown in one of the above illustrations), where the Duke and Duchess of York will stay, and the Houses of Parliament (shown on a two-colour page in this number) now in process of construction. When the site was first chosen, thirteen years ago, it was all pleasantly undulating meadow land. To-day the general impression is of a city arising within a park.

AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL: CANBERRA—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



TO BE OPENED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN MAY: THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, CANBERRA,
THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

The Duke and Duchess of York (according to a recent official statement) are expected to leave Portsmouth about January 8, in the battle-cruiser "Renown," for New Zealand and Australia. They hope to visit all the Australian States, except Western Australia, before the culminating occasion at Canberra, the new capital city of the Commonwealth, where they will open the first session of the Federal Parliament to be held in the new buildings. After the ceremony, which is fixed

for May 9, they will visit Western Australia and re-embark in the "Renown." Canberra is to be a model city, clean and smokeless, and already nearly £5,000,000 has been spent on its construction. The Houses of Parliament and Government buildings will be grouped around a lake, with the streets radiating therefrom in octagonal form. Further photographs of Canberra and the surrounding country appear on other pages of this number.

DINOSAURS: SERIES I.—FLESH-EATING AND VEGETARIAN TYPES.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY ALICE B. WOODWARD. (FOR REFERENCE NUMBERS, SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



INCLUDING "PERHAPS THE LARGEST QUADRUPED THAT EVER LIVED"—BRACHIOSAURUS (NO. 10): DINOSAURS OF VARIOUS TYPES AS THEY LIVED—RESTORATION DRAWINGS BASED ON FOSSIL REMAINS.—SERIES I.

These drawings enable us to realise what the various Dinosaurs described by Sir Arthur Smith Woodward (in his article opposite) looked like in life. Except the small creature shown through a magnifying-glass (No. 9), the animals were all drawn to the same scale to show their relative sizes. Their actual sizes are given in brackets in the following list, numbered to correspond to references in the article: (1) *Pariasaurus* (9 ft. long), a bulky vegetable-feeder; (2) *Cynognathus* (6½ ft.) a dog-jawed flesh-eater; (3) *Tyranno-*

saurus (40 ft.), the largest flesh-eater that ever lived on land; (4) *Megalosaurus* (20 ft.), with bony horn; (5) *Anchisaurus* (5 ft.); (6) *Oviraptor* (or egg-stealer) (head 7½ in. long), found on a clutch of dinosaur eggs in Mongolia; (7) *Struthiosaurus* (13 ft.); (8) *Compsognathus* (5 ft.); (9) *Scleromochlus* (9 in. long), like a tree-frog; (10) *Brachiosaurus* (30 ft. high, 37 ft. long), perhaps the largest quadruped that ever lived; (11) *Cetiosaurus* (60 ft. long); and (12) *Plateosaurus* (14 ft.).—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The "Terrible Reptiles" that Preceded Mammals: DINOSAURS.—No. I.

By SIR ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD, F.R.S., Ex-Keeper of the Department of Geology, British Museum of Natural History.
(N.B.—Reference Numbers correspond to Drawings on the opposite Page.)

IT is generally known that for long geological ages before warm-blooded quadrupeds or mammals became conspicuous in the world, the spheres they now occupy were filled by cold-blooded quadrupeds or reptiles. This reign of reptiles must, indeed, have continued for a relatively long period, judging by the thickness of the rocks in which their fossil remains are preserved. Control by mere bodily bulk and strength must have existed among land quadrupeds for an immensely longer period than the subsequent control by improving brain-power which characterises the age of mammals.

When reptiles first arose, however, it appeared as if their years of predominance were to be short. All the largest and most conspicuous of the earliest forms, which were best equipped with walking limbs, quickly acquired skeletons more like those of mammals than any reptiles of later date. They were also widely distributed, for the bulky vegetable-feeder *Pariasaurus* (1) and the more active flesh eater, *Cynognathus* (2), found in South Africa, had representatives so far north as Arctic Russia. It is difficult to understand why they did not immediately produce an abundance of mammals to take their place and spread. Instead of this, at the end of Triassic times they all retreated to some land which has not yet been discovered, and the mammals which arose from them remained in retreat until long series of other reptiles had had their day.

This early eclipse of the mammal-like reptiles seems to have been due to the abnormally dry conditions, or even deserts, which spread over the greater part of the world during Triassic times. Circumstances made it necessary to traverse long distances in search of food. The limbs of the mammal-like reptiles, though admirable for ordinary walking and running, were not adapted for sustained effort on long and rapid journeys. Some smaller contemporary reptiles, which may have been the ancestors of the crocodiles, had more slender limbs which could readily acquire the needed strength and agility. By the elongation of the hind-limbs and the strengthening of the hip region, these slender flesh-eating (or, perhaps, insect-eating) reptiles could run swiftly for great distances, and so adapt themselves to the circumstances of the time.

Towards the end of the Triassic, and especially during the more genial conditions of the succeeding Jurassic period, some of these reptiles flourished so exceedingly that they became gigantic. The discovery of remains of a few of these giants first attracted attention to the group to which they belonged, and they were named Dinosauria ("terrible reptiles") by Professor (afterwards Sir) Richard Owen in 1841.

Like the mammals which occupied the land in much later ages, the Dinosaurs rapidly diverged into several groups for different modes of life, and it is interesting to compare the changes which took place in these groups during their long career with those which afterwards occurred among mammals during their evolution. Some of these changes were essentially parallel, but in most cases they were of less degree, and the primitive characters were never so completely obliterated.

From their beginning, as the late Professor H. G. Seeley first pointed out, they were divided into two great groups—the Saurischia, in which the two lower of the three bones forming the hip diverged forwards and backwards below, as in the reptiles; and the Ornithischia, in which the same two bones were parallel and inclined backwards, as in birds (see above diagram). All the Saurischia were flesh-eating or insect-eating, or eventually mixed feeders, and when their teeth became reduced in number the reduction began behind. All the Ornithischia were vegetable-feeders, and when their teeth were reduced in extent, the loss began in front to allow of the production of a cropping beak. The earliest Saurischia of the Triassic period seem to have been chiefly insect-

eating, but the more slender and agile of them, such as *Anchisaurus* (5), soon acquired a set of powerful sabre-shaped teeth for tearing flesh. These Megalosaurians ("big reptiles"), as they are termed, were the first-discovered Dinosauria, and rapidly increased in size in the Jurassic period. Their teeth, however, never changed in shape during the lapse of geological time, as did the teeth among the flesh-eating mammals of a later age. They merely became fewer by reduction behind, and the elongated skull of the older *Megalosaurus* (4) changed into the short skull of the later *Tyrannosaurus* (3), just as among mammals the dog-shaped skull eventually became shortened and widened in the more powerful flesh-eaters of the lion and cat tribe. Very remarkable is the frequent presence of a bony horn-core on the nose (4), because flesh-eating mammals never have horns—only the vegetable-feeders sometimes possess them. Compared with the vegetable-feeding Dinosauria on which they presumably fed, the Megalosaurians are very large, and the giant *Tyrannosaurus* (3) from

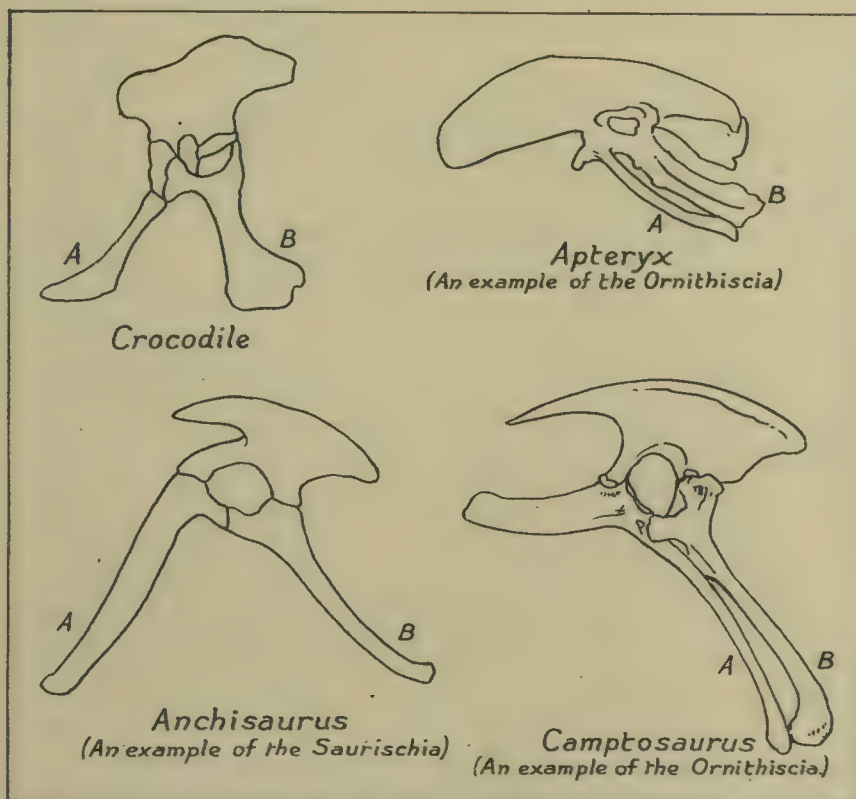
The stouter of the original Triassic Saurischia, such as *Plateosaurus* (12) from Germany, seem to have soon given up ordinary flesh-eating habits, and passed into progressively larger four-footed reptiles adapted for life among the succulent weeds of marshes or the seaweed areas on the coasts. As they retained a foot on the usual reptile pattern, Professor O. C. Marsh named them Sauropoda (lizard-footed). The first of these to be discovered was *Cetiosaurus* (11), about sixty feet long, from the Jurassic of England. The best known is *Diplodocus*, from the Jurassic of Wyoming, U.S.A., at least eighty-four feet in length. The Sauropoda, or Cetiosaurians, have a short and high, laterally compressed body, with a very long flexible neck and tail. They probably walked on all-fours beneath comparatively deep water, and when they needed to breathe raised themselves on their hind-quarters as a tripod, and reached the surface by their long neck. Their nostril is on the highest point of the head, and must have been closed beneath water by a skinny flap; its position shows that the head

itself need not have been exposed at the surface during breathing. The teeth, loosely clustered at the front of the mouth, are spoon-shaped, or pencil-shaped, very little different from those of the original *Plateosaurus*, except in their fewness. They probably not only cropped the water weeds, but also strained out of them the small nutritious animals which swarmed there. The three claws on each foot are compressed and pointed like those of a beast of prey. The only weapon is a long, flexible lash of slender vertebrae at the end of the tail.

Towards the end of their career, in the latter part of the Cretaceous period, the giant Sauropoda were very widely distributed in the world. Immense accumulations of their bones have been found in Brazil (Matto Grosso), Patagonia (Neuquen), Madagascar, and Tanganyika Territory, East Africa. *Brachiosaurus* (10), from the latter region and from Western North America, is perhaps the largest quadruped that ever lived. It is remarkable for its especially long neck and high shoulders, with comparatively small and low hind-quarters. It may, indeed, be described as the most successful attempt a reptile ever made to become shaped like a giraffe. It shows that the ultimate aim of the Sauropoda was to be able to reach the surface for breathing in deep water, without straining their hind-quarters. *Brachiosaurus* would be able to breathe when it was walking on the bottom of water forty feet deep.

In short, as the career of the various Saurischian Dinosaurs is traced through geological time, it is observed that in most cases they are represented by progressively larger animals. This reminds us of the horses, elephants, camels, and other mammals, which evolved from comparatively small ancestors during their career in the later period of the earth's history. The flesh-eating Dinosaurs gradually became more powerful and better adapted for handling prey, but they never attained the variety reached later among the flesh-eating mammals. Some of them eventually became toothless, exactly like certain mammals. Those of greatest bulk lived in water, like the whales among mammals. In every case, however, the adaptation of the Saurischian Dinosaurs to their several modes of life was less nearly complete than that of the mammals which eventually replaced them. They evidently lacked the stimulus of warm blood and an effective brain; for there can be no doubt whatever that their heart remained that of a reptile to the end, while their brain, which was always diminutive, did not enable them to rise above the level of mere automata.

N.B.—A further article by Sir Arthur Smith Woodward on the subject of Dinosaurs, with other page of reconstruction drawings, completing all the known types, will appear in a later issue.



HIP-BONE FORMATIONS THAT DISTINGUISH THE TWO GROUPS OF DINOSAURS: EXAMPLES OF THE FLESH-EATING SAURISCHIA AND THE VEGETARIAN ORNITHISCHIA.

The Dinosaurs are divided into two groups—the Saurischia, in which the two lower (A and B) of the three bones forming the hip diverge backwards and forwards, as in reptiles; and Ornithischia, in which the same two bones (A and B) are parallel and inclined backwards, as in the birds.

the Cretaceous of Montana, U.S.A., with a skull nearly five feet long, seems to be the largest flesh-eater which ever lived on land. In all these flesh-eaters there was a tendency to the diminution of the fore-limbs, and the skeleton became beautifully adapted for the tearing up of prey by the jaws and hind-feet, as in birds of prey.

Living with the large, flesh-eating Saurischia, there were always numerous small members of the group. In the Upper Trias of Elgin, Scotland, there is a leaping Dinosaur, with the head and trunk only five or six inches in length, which probably lived in trees like a tree-frog (*Scleromochlus*, 9). In the later Jurassic rocks, both in Europe and America, there are agile forms with the usual sabre-shaped teeth for tearing flesh. One of these is *Compsognathus* (8) from the Lithographic Stone of Bavaria. These are followed in the Upper Cretaceous of North America and Central Asia by nearly similar reptiles, which have a comparatively small head, large eyes, and toothless jaws, which seemed to have lived much like ostriches. *Struthiosaurus* (7) from the Western United States and from Alberta, Canada, has the hind-feet almost like those of a running bird, though the basal bones are not firmly fused together as in birds. *Oviraptor* (6) was found in sandstone on the top of a clutch of Dinosaur eggs in Mongolia, as if it had been overtaken by a sandstorm when it was in the act of robbing a nest.

THE BOMB OUTRAGE AGAINST MUSSOLINI: A CAUSE OF 300 ARRESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



WHERE SIGNOR MUSSOLINI SPOKE FROM A BALCONY AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE PALAZZO CHIGI.



SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY THE FIRST BOMB THROWN AT SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S CAR: A NEWSPAPER KIOSK—SHOWING PART OF THE GLASS ROOF BROKEN.



AT THE SPOT WHERE THE BOMBS WERE THROWN AT SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S CAR IN ROME: A GROUP INCLUDING ITALIAN POLICE OFFICERS.

Signor Mussolini recently had another narrow escape from assassination. As he was driving in a motor-car from his summer residence, the Villa Torlonia, to the Palazzo Chigi, a bomb was thrown at his car by a man since identified as Gino Lucetti, as the car was entering the piazza outside the Porta Pia. The bomb struck the car, breaking one of the windows, and then fell into the road, where it exploded a few seconds later. Signor Mussolini was unhurt, and his car went on its way. Eight bystanders were injured, but none of them very seriously.



AT THE ITALIAN MANOEUVRES: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (RIGHT) WITH KING VICTOR (CENTRE) AND GENERAL BADOGLIO (EXPLAINING THE OPERATIONS).



THE MEN WHO ARRESTED THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: (L. TO R.) ANTONIO CEFALO, GIULIO TORRETTA, AND GIUSEPPE LESTINI.

In his attempt to escape, the assailant threw a second bomb at his pursuers, but it failed to explode, and he was arrested. Signor Mussolini, on his arrival at the Chigi Palace, proceeded with his usual morning's work. When a crowd gathered outside to demonstrate their sympathy and rejoicing at his escape, he came out on the balcony and addressed them. His principal remarks are noted on the opposite page. The next day it was stated that about 300 people had been arrested in connection with the plot on his life.

THE ATTEMPT ON MUSSOLINI: A NEW PORTRAIT OF "IL DUCE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA BARRETT, EXHIBITED IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1926.



INTENDING TO INTRODUCE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN ITALY TO PUT AN END TO ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION:
SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, AT WHOM A BOMB WAS RECENTLY THROWN IN ROME WITHOUT EFFECT.

Addressing the crowd from the balcony of the Chigi Palace, in Rome, after the attempt on his life on September 11, Signor Mussolini said: "From this balcony I wish to pronounce certain serious words, which must be accurately understood by those to whom they refer. If the friendship of the Italian people, which might be fatally compromised by the recurrence of incidents of this nature, is seriously desired, a certain criminal and unheard-of toleration practised across

the frontier must immediately cease." These words referred to the question of anti-Fascists and other Italian political refugees being allowed to reside in France. Signor Mussolini also said that he considered it would be necessary to introduce capital punishment into the Italian penal code, in order to put an end to such repeated attempts at assassination. Scenes and incidents connected with the recent outrage are illustrated on the opposite page.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF THE MOST MEMORABLE RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, P. AND A. SPORT AND GENERAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



JUST BEFORE HER FATAL ATTEMPT AT A PARACHUTE DESCENT FROM AN AEROPLANE AT LEICESTER: MRS. DOROTHY CAIN WEARING THE "HARNES."



AFTER MRS. CAIN HAD BEEN KILLED BY FALLING 1000 FT. FROM THE AEROPLANE, TO WHICH THE PARACHUTE REMAINED ATTACHED: THE CROWD ON THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE AZORES: ONE OF THE WRECKED BUILDINGS AT HORTA, IN THE ISLAND OF FAYAL, WHERE OVER 200 CASUALTIES OCCURRED.



THE FRENCH CHANNEL SWIMMER WHO BROKE THE RECORD MADE BY A GERMAN: M. GEORGES MICHEL COMING ASHORE IN ST. MARGARET'S BAY.



PROCLAIMING MARTIAL LAW IN MADRID: AN OFFICER READING THE PROCLAMATION, AND SOLDIERS WITH FIXED BAYONETS—A SCENE DURING THE RECENT CRISIS IN SPAIN, DUE TO UNREST IN THE ARTILLERY



THE MARQUIS DE ESTELLA (SECOND FROM LEFT IN FRONT) LEAVING THE PALACE IN MADRID AFTER A COUNCIL PRESIDED OVER BY KING ALFONSO.



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT THE CENTENARY OF THE BRAEMAR HIGHLAND GATHERING: THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, WHO RECEIVED THEIR MAJESTIES, AND THE QUEEN ALIGHTING FROM THE CARRIAGE.



THE BRITISH NAVY'S LATEST SUBMARINE, "L.26," LEAVING DEVONPORT FOR HER TRIALS BEFORE JOINING THE FIRST SUBMARINE FLOTILLA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



THE POPE'S NEW MOTOR-CAR, DESIGNED IN ACCORDANCE WITH ETIQUETTE ALLOWING NO ONE TO SIT BESIDE HIM: HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI. INSPECTING A GIFT FROM THE LADIES OF MILAN.

At the Royal Show Ground at Leicester on September 9, Mrs. Dorothy Cain, the wife of a local hotel proprietor, was killed in an attempt to descend by parachute from an aeroplane piloted by Captain A. F. Mulr, of the Surrey Flying Services, who was giving exhibition and passenger flights. When she jumped from the aeroplane at the height of 1000 ft., somehow the parachute remained attached to the machine, and she fell to the ground. The Coroner's inquest was adjourned for a fortnight for investigation into the cause of the accident.—A violent earthquake occurred in the island of Fayal, in the Azores, on August 31, and great damage was done in Horta, the chief town. Ten people were killed and 200 injured, while most of the houses were wrecked and homeless crowds camped in the open. Many neighbouring villages were destroyed. Martial law was proclaimed.—The fourth "conquest" of the Channel this year was accomplished, on September 10, by a French swimmer, M. Georges Michel, holder of the French Marathon Championship. He swam from Cape Griznez to

St. Margaret's Bay, in 11 hours 5 min., thus beating the "record" (12½ hours) made on August 30 by Herr Vierkötter.—Martial law was proclaimed throughout Spain on September 5, in consequence of rebellious indiscipline in the Artillery. King Alfonso returned hurriedly to Madrid, and authorised the Marquis de Estella, head of the Government, to take strong measures, which were successful in restoring order. On September 13, the third anniversary of his *coup d'état*, the Marquis de Estella expressed satisfaction with the situation and the progress of the national plebiscite, which closed on that day.—The King and Queen attended the centenary of the Braemar Highland Gathering on September 9, and were received by the Marquess of Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. His Majesty wore the Royal Stuart tartan with a Scotch thistle in his Balmoral bonnet.—The motor-car presented to Pope Pius XI. by the ladies of Milan has a special body so built that two persons may sit facing him, but no one beside him, according to etiquette.

NEAR AND FAR: INTERESTING OCCASIONS RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

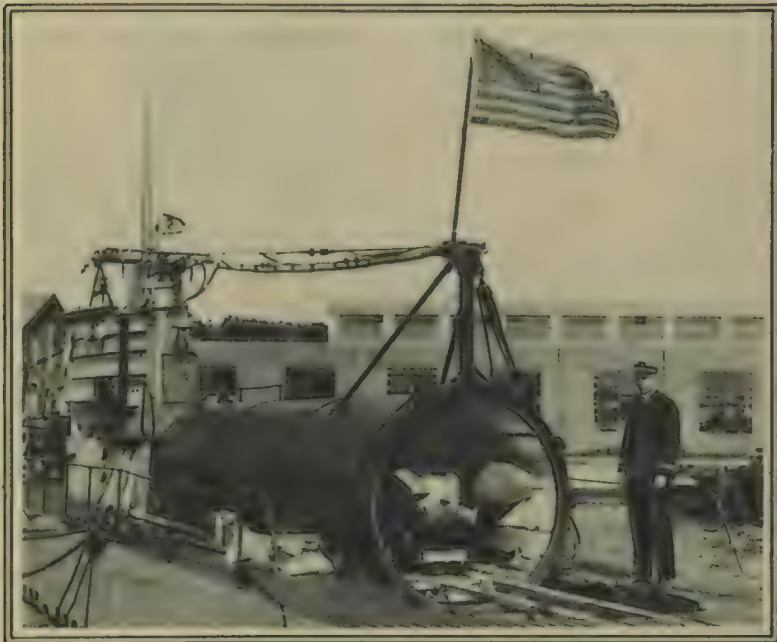
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., TOPICAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



THE LIGHT AEROPLANE TRIALS AT LYMPNE: THE REMARKABLE "JUDGE'S STAND," AND THE "MOTH" AEROPLANE TAKING PART IN THE "GETTING-OFF" AND "PULLING-UP" TESTS.



A LONDON TUBE (EDGWARE TO MORDEN) NOW THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD: THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVING AT MORDEN PILOTTED BY THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT.



THE FIRST AEROPLANE CARRIED ON A SUBMARINE: THE "PEANUT" FOLDED WITHIN ITS TUBE ON THE DECK OF THE U.S. SUBMARINE "Si."



ASSEMBLED AND READY FOR FLIGHT WITHIN NINE MINUTES OF THE SUBMARINE COMING TO THE SURFACE: THE "PEANUT" AEROPLANE ON THE "Si."



DROPPING WREATHS INTO THE SEA OFF CAPE HELLES IN MEMORY OF SAILORS LOST AT THE DARDANELLES: A TOUCHING CEREMONY DURING THE ST. BARNABAS PILGRIMAGE.

The Light Aeroplane Trials began at Lympe on Sunday, September 12, after preliminary eliminating tests on the two previous days. Nine machines were left in, including the Moth, shown above.—The extension of the City and South London Railway from Clapham to Morden was opened on September 13 by Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, who piloted the first train. The Tube from Edgware to Morden—21½ miles—is now the longest in the world.—The United States Navy now possesses the first aeroplane ever carried in a submarine. It is a small machine weighing only 1000 lb., and under water is kept folded up inside a tube on deck. It can



ENGLAND'S FIRST GORSEDD CIRCLE: A BARDIC CEREMONY IN THOR'S CAVE, MANIFOLD VALLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE—(CENTRE) MR. RALPH SNEYD, CHIEF BARD.

be assembled ready for flight within nine minutes of the submarine's coming to the surface.—During the St. Barnabas Pilgrimage, led by the Rev. M. Mullineux, to war graves in Gallipoli, a wreath was dropped into the water off Cape Helles in memory of those lost at sea. It was made of Flanders poppies and Cape everlasting flowers, with a Union Jack and a White Ensign. Another wreath commemorated Rupert Brooke.—The first Gorsedd circle formed in England, and called "the Bardic Circle of the Imperishable Land," held its second annual Gorsedd on September 12, in Thor's Cave, in the Manifold Valley, Staffordshire. The Gorsedd was revived last year by the Rev. G. H. Wilson, of Bakewell.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," PHOTOPRESS, AND I.B.



THE HISTORIC REGATTA AT VENICE: A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION OF GONDOLAS ON THE GRAND CANAL—SHOWING THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA SALUTE.



THE INSIDE OF AN UMBRELLA AS A STAR-MAP: MR. DUNCAN MCEWAN, A GLASGOW ASTRONOMER, DEMONSTRATING HIS DEVICE TO A LADY STUDENT.



AFTER A TYPHOON IN CHINA: ROADS TORN UP AND WATER-MAINS BURST—HAVOC OUTSIDE THE HONG-KONG HOTEL, BEING RE-BUILT SINCE A FIRE.

The annual regatta at Venice was held recently on the Grand Canal, and many gondoliers competed in the traditional race, before which there was a picturesque procession of gondolas and other craft.—Mr. Duncan McEwan, a Glasgow astronomer, has invented a novel umbrella which, when opened, has inside a map of the heavens, marked off in days round the edge. By finding the Pole star, it can be used as a guide to direction.—The "Hong-Kong Weekly Press" of July 24 described a terrific thunderstorm, with unprecedented rainfall, that had struck the city a few days before. "The Colony presented a scene of havoc and



WHAT A TYPHOON MAY MEAN IN CHINA: HUGE TREES AND OTHER DÉBRIS WASHED DOWN FROM THE HILLS INTO HONG-KONG AFTER A TERRIFIC STORM OF THUNDER AND RAIN.

confusion everywhere. The central business districts and Kowloon were flooded, in some places by two or three feet of water, and the damage was enormous. The rushing cataracts from the hill-side caused many landslides. Every road was blocked, so that the Peak, for some hours, was absolutely isolated. Business, of course, was entirely suspended. . . . On Saturday (July 17) a typhoon was heading straight for the Colony. It came within a hundred miles and then turned to Swatow. . . . It appeared that all danger from the typhoon had passed. The night, however, proved one of terror."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, KEYSTONE, SPORT AND GENERAL, BARRATT, AND PHOTO. ILLUSTRATIONS CO.



A WELL-KNOWN STORY-WRITER: THE LATE MR. H. ST. JOHN COOPER.



TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES UNION COUNCIL: MR. BEN TURNER.



EX-DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF STORES AT THE INDIA OFFICE: THE LATE SIR E. GRANT BURLS.



NEW HONORARY SURGEON TO THE KING: COLONEL F. H. WESTMACOTT, F.R.C.S.



AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR OF A FLIGHT BY CAPTAIN COURTNEY AT A BERLIN AIR DISPLAY: THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE.



AFTER WINNING THE OPEN WALK FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON FOR THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE YEAR: MR. W. F. BAKER BEING HELPED TO THE BATHS AT BRIGHTON.



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: MR. W. M. CITRINE.



WINNER OF THE GLENEAGLES "SILVER TASSIE" GOLF MATCH: MR. G. D. HANNAY.



A WELL-KNOWN COURT OFFICIAL: THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.



CONSULTING SURGEON TO ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL: THE LATE MR. H. W. PAGE.

Mr. H. St. John Cooper was a half-brother of Miss Gladys Cooper, the actress.—Mr. Ben Turner, the General Secretary of the National Textile Workers, is to succeed Mr. A. Pugh as President of the Trades Union Council.—Sir E. Grant Burls was Director-General of Stores at the India Office from 1896 to 1909.—Colonel F. H. Westmacott has succeeded Colonel E. C. Montgomery-Smith (retired) as Honorary Surgeon to his Majesty.—An imposing display by German aviators was recently held in Berlin, at which the chief attraction was a flight by Captain Courtney, an Englishman, in a Cierva helicopter.—Mr. W. F. Baker, of the Queen's Park Harriers, has won the London-to-Brighton walk for the third


successive year. His time was 8 hr. 39 min. 39 sec.—Mr. S. W. Citrine has been elected Secretary of the T.U.C. in place of the late Mr. F. Bramley.—Mr. G. D. Hannay won the Gleneagles "Silver Tassie" amateur golf competition with an aggregate of 154 for two rounds.—Sir George Holford was Equerry to King Edward from 1892 to 1910, when he became Equerry to Queen Alexandra and Extra Equerry to King George. He inherited a large collection of Old Masters and literary treasures, and was a great sportsman.—Mr. H. W. Page, the eminent surgeon, was famous for his work on injuries received in railway accidents, and was surgeon to the London and North Western and Great Western Railways.



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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

REEDS AND RUSHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

DURING my brief withdrawal into the solitudes of East Norfolk, I found myself face-to-face with a bristling array of problems, all alike fascinating, and all of them extending to an unattainable horizon! Birds, beasts, and fishes, land and water plants, all presented irresistible allurements; so that it was impossible to concentrate on any one of them, because so much just *had* to be done in the short breathing-space that was mine. There was the problem of the origin of the Broad, by which I was surrounded; and there were problems of another kind presented by my own particular Broad. One of these was the character of its vegetation; and I propose to say something on this head here. To begin with, I found myself asking why it was that some of the tall plants which fringed its margin were so abundant, while others were comparatively rare. And there was further food for thought in the contemplation of the very wide range of specific and generic characters which these plants displayed.

We are accustomed to talk of "adaptation to environment"—and that is no imaginary phenomenon. Yet all these were living, apparently, in the same environment. That is to say, all were subjected to the same conditions of light, temperature, and water. In other words, their physical environment was identical. The comparative rarity of some, then, must be due to differences in the character of the reaction of the organisms to that environment, or to the inter-specific struggle which is always present. Probably both factors were at work. The common reed, which furnishes the thatch for the cottages, barns, and out-buildings, investing them with an air of homeliness that slate and tiles—unless they be of the right colour and thickness—can never give, showed the greatest adaptability. For it flourished

alike in the hedges, wherever these afforded a sufficient amount of moisture, and in the swampy areas of the birch and alder woods, as well as along the margin of the Broad and well out into the water. Their presence away from the water, whether in the hedgerows or in the woods, bore witness to man's labour in reclaiming the land. The presence of the reeds marked Nature's protest that the land thus reclaimed was hers! But mark: the reeds alone could survive these changed conditions.

Next in abundance, I think, were the tall and graceful bullrushes, swayed by the gentlest breeze. Their round, dark-green, shining stems, rising from six to eight feet out of the water, formed dark forests along the margins, as well as islands in the middle of the Broad. These are simply flower stalks, for here it is a leafless plant. Each stalk bears a terminal tuft of coffee-coloured, spindle-shaped bodies. These are its "flowers," which, in structure, are somewhat like those of the grasses. Cut away the thick outer coat of one of these stems, and you will find a central axis of loose, dry tissue, or pith. It is this pith which makes these stems valuable to man, who harvests them for the purpose of making horse-collars. Why is it that in these still waters this strangely graceful plant grows no leaves, but where it finds itself growing in running water it

puts forth long, narrow, submerged and floating leaves? Though there are some eighteen species of *Scirpus*—the genus to which the bullrush belongs—only this one was to be found here. Some of these species are but a few inches high, some are tall, some possess abundant grass-like leaves, some are leafless. What a lot we should know if we could discover what governs these differences!

Competing (shall we say) with the bullrushes were masses of the stately reed-mace, sending up their long sword-like leaves to a height in some places of as much as ten feet. Plentifully sprinkled among the leaves were the equally long flower-stalks, surmounted by a long cylindrical mass of what looks like velvet-pile, of a rich chestnut-brown. These represent the female flowers. Above them, earlier in the year, were the male flowers. These strange flower-spikes, known among the country-folk as "pokers," retain their shape throughout the winter, then break up into masses of white, woolly down, in bulk many hundred times greater than the spike which has withstood the winter storms. This white down may be likened to the downy seed-heads of the dandelion. For, when closely examined, it is found to be formed of a number of slender threads, expanding from the top of a tiny seed: these threads serve as wings, enabling the seed to be dispersed by the blustering winds of March. It has been estimated that as many as a quarter of a million seeds are packed into each of these brown spikes!

And now I come to the bur-reed. It is an interesting plant in many ways. In the first place it belongs to the same order as the reed-mace, sometimes, by the way, also called the "bullrush." But the bur-reed (*Sparganium*) is a much smaller plant, and presents a totally different kind of flowering head. As will be seen in the accompanying photographs (Figs. 1 and 2), the male and female flowers are separate. The former are placed at the top of the stem, the latter below them. The mature fruit

presents the appearance of one of the old-time "maces" used in battle; when fully ripe, these fall off, breaking up into a number of tiny "nutlets," which seem to prove very attractive to ducks, so that these birds thus become unconscious agents for the distribution of this plant. The seeds of the bullrush, then, are water-borne, those of the reed-mace wind-borne, while those of the bur-reed are in part water-borne and in part carried, sometimes over great distances, by ducks.

The lesser bur-reed, in its normal form, is very like its larger relative (*Sparganium erectum*); but sometimes its leaves, instead of rising, like so many sword-blades, straight out of the water, are all floating, when it is liable to be mistaken for another species (*S. natans*). Why does this plant resemble sometimes one, sometimes another distinct species? The form of the flower is the only sure guide to the affinity of a plant. This much is well illustrated by the beautiful greater spearwort, for, as its flower unmistakably shows, it is really an aquatic buttercup. Yet it grows like a reed, several feet high, straight out of the water. Unless it is flowering, none but a botanist would recognise this plant as a buttercup. But the flower has the same delicious yellow colour

and the same wonderful shiny surface to the petals; while the fruit has the same form, as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3).



FIG. 1.—EATEN AND DISSEMINATED BY DUCKS: SPIKY FEMALE FLOWERS OF THE GREATER BUR-REED, WITH CLUSTERS OF THE SMALLER MALE FLOWERS ABOVE.

The large, globular, spiky heads of the female flowers are seen here at the stage of the "setting" of the fruit, which forms clusters of angular "nutlets," which are greedily eaten by ducks, unconsciously acting as distributors of the seed. By this means it is carried far and wide, thus extending the geographical distribution of the plant.



FIG. 2.—THE GREATER BUR-REED: A BRANCHED FLOWER-SPIKE, WITH CLUSTERED ANTHERS (THE MALE FLOWERS) AT THE ENDS.

The flower-spike of the greater bur-reed is branched, the flower stalks rising from the base of a long, leaf-like "bract." Each flower-stalk bears at its end clusters of anthers, the male flowers, which present the appearance of small, white, downy balls.



FIG. 4.—THE WATER-LILY: GRADATIONS IN STRUCTURE BETWEEN TYPICAL PETALS AND POLLEN-BEARING ANTHERS. The petals of the water-lily show every gradation in structure between the typical petal and the typical pollen-bearing anther, thus preserving an interesting stage in the evolution of the flower.

Of the floating plants which lie out on the placid surface of the water, I have space to mention but one, the beautiful white water-lily. Why have its great green leaves, like most of these floating species, a conspicuously purple hue on their under-surface? Its exquisite flowers are remarkable for the fact that their petals present every gradation between petals and the pollen-bearing anthers, as they are traced from without inwards (Fig. 4). There was one problem about these flowers that I had to leave unsolved. Every one I examined showed, near the base of the petals, numerous clusters of white eggs. I believe I shall find, some other day, that these are the eggs of a species of "hover-fly," which was commonly to be found either on the flower or hovering above it. The matter can only be settled by enclosing such flowers within a muslin bag, till the eggs hatch; or keeping them in a properly isolated aquarium. On the first opportunity I propose to adopt both methods. But that means that I must wait at least another year before my curiosity can be satisfied!



FIG. 3.—THE GREATER SPEAR-WORT: A GIANT WATER-BUTTERCUP WITH REED-LIKE LEAVES.

The greater spear-wort, judged by its leaves alone, is one of the "reed" family. But the flower shows it to be really a giant water-buttercup! For some unexplained reason this plant is never so common or seen in such masses as, say, the bur-reed or the bullrush, and no one has yet ventured to explain why this should be so.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

LADY WILLINGDON, who leaves England this week with her husband for Canada, is uncommonly well equipped for her new position as wife of the Governor-General of a great Dominion. There is an art in reigning at Government House, and the inexperienced are apt to be at a disadvantage, and to depend at first on those members of the staff who thoroughly understand the duties and the etiquette of the position. Lord Willingdon and his wife learned all about this in their youth, when, two or three years after their marriage, he was appointed A.D.C. to her father, Lord Brassey, then Governor of Victoria.

The daughter of the first Lord Brassey, and of Lady Brassey, who wrote that delightful account of the family's journeyings in the famous yacht, the *Sunbeam*, Lady Willingdon very early gained a considerable knowledge of the world of affairs. In 1913 Lord Willingdon was appointed Governor of Bengal, a position he held till the year after the war. Lady Willingdon, who is charming and extremely efficient, was very popular, and distinguished herself by her manifold activities on behalf of the soldiers during the war. The fact that the women who worked with her enjoyed her leadership, suggests that Canadian women will also enjoy their association with her. At the end of his term in Bombay, the rather unusual course was taken of appointing Lord Willingdon to another Indian Governorship, that of Madras.

In 1924, Lord and Lady Willingdon returned from India, and the same year their son, the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, married Maxine, the daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. One of Lady Willingdon's sisters is Lady Mabel Egerton, who during the war was in charge of a canteen at the railway station at Rouen. Another sister, Mabel Countess De La Warr, is the mother of Earl De La Warr, who when a mere boy ran away from Eton to join the Navy, and served as a seaman.

Our most famous woman composer, Dame Ethel Smyth, is conducting several performances of her work this autumn. Last week she appeared at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester, to conduct her "Canticle of Spring," and next month she will conduct again at one of the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Dame Ethel Smyth's work had a great vogue on the Continent long before this country woke to an appreciation of its fine qualities, and she has faced discouragements that would have daunted a woman less determined and less aware of her own gifts. She is one of those happy people who have realised an ambition cherished from childhood. She tells in her reminiscences how, though she used to weave fantastic dreams of distinction in other directions, she always felt that she was to develop the gift she was secretly sure that she possessed. In those days it seemed a great adventure for a girl of gentle birth to set off by herself to live the life of a student in

Germany, and it was only after a resolute struggle that she succeeded in winning her father's consent. She confessed soon afterwards that she had sometimes doubted whether "it was only for a woman, and an Englishwoman living in a not too musical circle, that she was anything particular in music, whether such talent as she possessed deserved to have everything else put aside for it."

The first assurance that she was justified came dramatically when, at a party attended by a great musician, she was asked politely to sing some of her compositions, and was astonished at their enthusiastic reception. After that she continued to work very hard, but with much more confidence. Had she devoted herself to literature instead of to music, Dame Ethel might have won equal distinction as a novelist. Her reminiscences, "Impressions that Remained," is one of the few really satisfactory autobiographies published in this country for many years, amazingly frank and fearless in its analysis of her own character and full of sidelights on the distinguished people she met. It is written with zest and a strong sense of humour, and is, indeed, pointedly "dedicated to people with a sense of humour."

Miss Margaret Kennedy, whose play, "The Constant Nymph," was produced this week at the New Theatre, is in private life Mrs. David Davies, the wife of a barrister, to whom she was married a few months ago. When she published her first novel, "The Ladies of Linton," it attracted little attention, but the one on which the play is founded not only created a great stir in literary circles, but—as does not always happen with literary successes—at once became a "best-seller." In spite of that, Miss Kennedy managed to avoid personal publicity, and even to-day very few people know much about her beyond the fact that she is one of our youngest novelists. She is said to have written one or two other plays, but to have been dissatisfied with them. Since she has adapted her novel for the stage, in collaboration with Mr. Basil Deane, she has made up her mind to go on writing plays. Meantime, she has finished another novel, which will probably be published in the autumn.

Miss Kennedy has taken an immense interest in the production of her play, and has attended the rehearsals much more diligently than most authors are willing to do. Members of her company say that her sense of the stage is wonderful, and that she has the gift few authors, except Sir James Barrie, possess, of successfully altering a play during rehearsals, and, moreover, does it quite cheerfully. Her quick intelligence, and a lively interest in the people she meets, make her very companionable, though on first acquaintance she gives an impression of shyness. On one point she is very decided: that her characters are not drawn from life. Various people have suggested that they recognised the living original of her young musician, Lewis Dodd. Miss Kennedy says she is not capable of such portraiture, and that she invents all her characters.

The British Government has always been happy in its appointments of women to attend the Assembly of the League of Nations as substitute delegates, and the women have always been well satisfied with the position accorded to them by their colleagues

when they have reached Geneva. This year, for the second time, Dame Edith Lyttelton is at Geneva, where, during her first term in 1923 she created an excellent impression by her dignity, gracious manner, and earnestness. When her husband, the late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, was Colonial

Secretary, Dame Edith's social gifts made her an invaluable hostess, and her interest in the official and other visitors she met from the Dominions made her a strong supporter of the Victoria League. Indeed, when this League was formed to promote the closer acquaintance of people within the Empire, and to provide friendly hospitality for the visitors to England from overseas, Mrs. Lyttelton acted as the League's honorary secretary. Dame Edith now serves on various important committees, is governor both of the Old Vic and of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, and member of the Executive of the National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre; she is associated with all the Shakespearian devotees in this country. Her work at Geneva will, probably be chiefly connected with the humanitarian activities of the League.

Queen Elizabeth of Greece has spent so much of her comparatively short life in an atmosphere of alarm, war, or unrest that it is pleasant to think of her enjoying a visit to the quiet and security of England, where, of course, she has many friends. As daughter of the versatile Queen Marie of Rumania, granddaughter of the exquisite Carmen Sylva, and great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, she has a dazzling queenly ancestry. It is natural to wonder how her own queenhood might have developed had she gone to a more restful land. Five years ago she was married to King George II. of Greece, and was hailed as one of the most beautiful Queens in Europe. Three years later Greece became a Republic, and the exiled King and Queen went back to her old home at Bucharest. Now that their visit to England is over, they will return there, after a short stay in Paris.

That eminently sensible, industrious, and flourishing organisation, the Women's Section of the British Legion, owes a great deal to the enthusiasm and the organising ability of its Chairman, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, who is now acting as its delegate in Warsaw. She is attending the conference of F.I.D.A.C. which, being interpreted, means the Fédération



A SUBSTITUTE DELEGATE AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: DAME EDITH LYTTELTON.

Photograph by Topical.



THE AUTHORESS OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH": MISS MARGARET KENNEDY.

Photograph by Swaine.



A FAMOUS WOMAN COMPOSER: DAME ETHEL SMYTH, WHO IS DUE TO CONDUCT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Vandyk.



A GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA: QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE, WHO HAS BEEN PAYING A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

Photograph by Julietta.

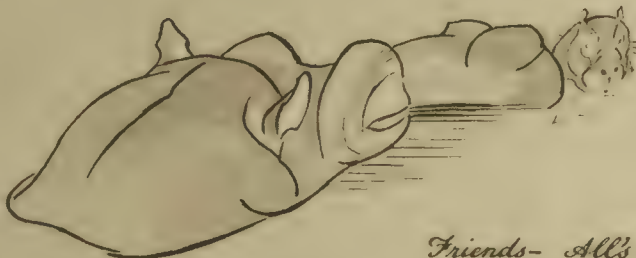
Internationale des Anciens Combattants, an association to promote the welfare of ex-Service men. Last year she went, also as delegate from the Women of the Legion, to F.I.D.A.C.'s conference in Rome. Lady Edward is the widow of Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill, son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough. One of her daughters is the Hon. Mrs. Allen Bathurst, and the other is the wife of the Hon. Weetman Pearson, Lord Cowdray's eldest son. Lady Edward is a notable horsewoman, and has won driving competitions at both Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Perhaps it was her affection for horses that made her a staunch supporter of the R.S.P.C.A. She is president of its branch at Windsor, where she is also associated with the Red Cross.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXVI.

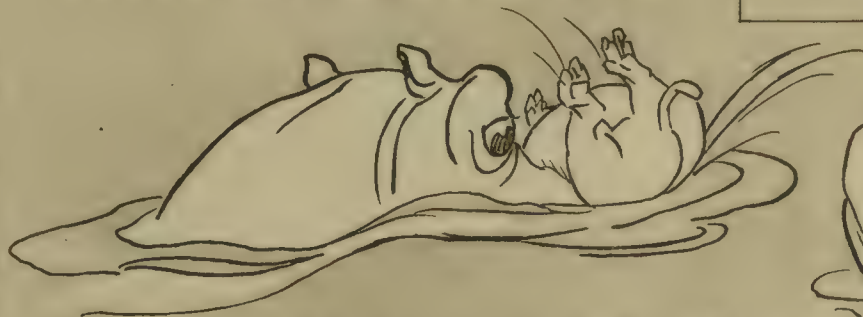
DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



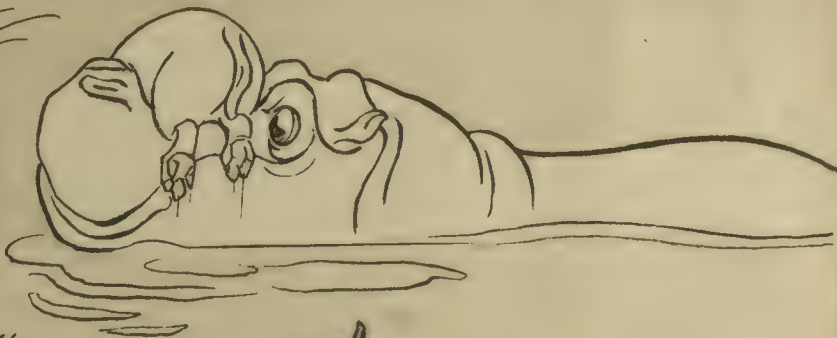
*Strangers have entered—exit Jimmy—
leaving bubbles in his stead.*



Friends—All's well.



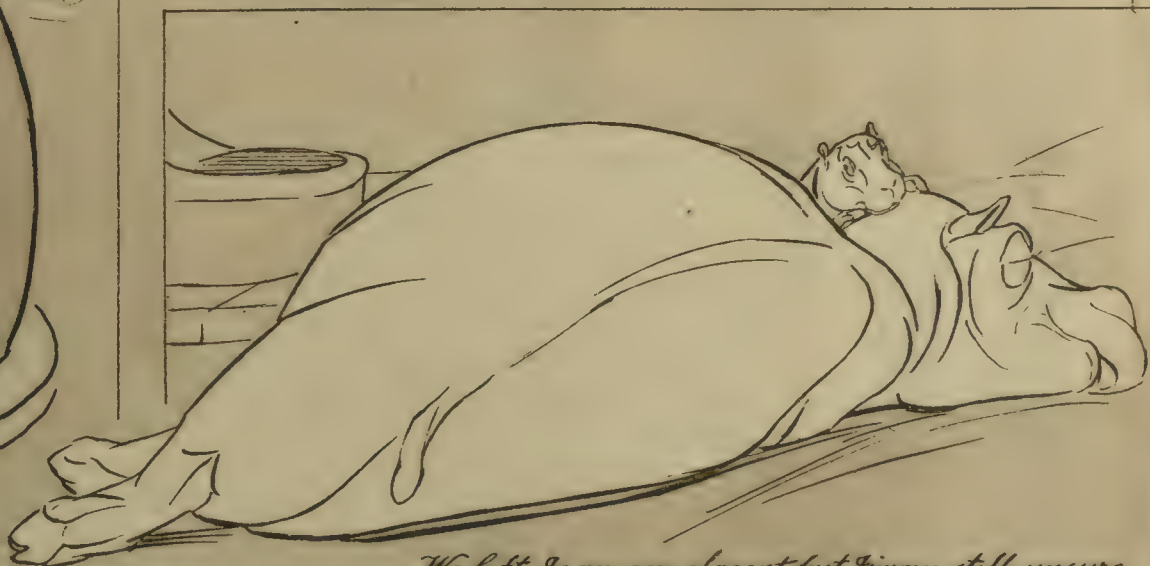
*Joan endeavouring to show off her
baby—but he was shy and slippery.*



*However, she
ultimately delivered
the goods.*



*Jimmy does not look so very small
until Joan rises from the deep.*



We left Joan complacent but Jimmy still unsure.

THE SECRET INTERVIEW—JIMMY, THE BABY "HIPPO."

"At the 'Zoo' just now," writes Mr. Shepherd, "to enquire for the baby is to be understood, for is not the baby the only Hippo baby born since 1872? If you ask to see the baby, the reply will be in the negative, as they say in the other 'Zoo.' For Joan, the mother, is an exceedingly nervous animal, and must not be disturbed—No Callers! By the way, it has now been ascertained that 'Jimmy' is a suitable name for the baby. Claiming old acquaintance with Joan, and—somewhat presumptuous—under the ægis of 'The Illustrated London News'—we craved permission to sketch the baby; we were repulsed! Later, a 'high official' wavered, and, saying he would ne'er consent, consented, providing always that Bowman—Joan's vigilant keeper, approved. With a hush and stealthy steps, key to lock, we were in the sacred precincts, alone, and found—bubbles only!

On our entrance both had sunk like submarines. (We had noticed a smile on the face of the keeper on passing in.) We gazed at the bubbles with the expectant enthusiasm of otter-hunters. Patience was rewarded; Joan rose to the surface, and, recognising us as sympathetic souls, gave the 'All clear' to the reluctant Jimmy. More, she strove to introduce us, nosing and pushing him in sportive attempts to place him on her head. He evaded and wriggled; she persisted. Her purpose was at last accomplished. She presented Jimmy in approved picture-book fashion. We were rejoiced to find that our visit had had no ill-effects on Joan; indeed, when we left she was stretched out in the voluminous and luxuriant ease of a fat porker. But Jimmy never quite forgave our intrusion."



Fashions

& Fancies

Evolutions of the Hat.

While brims cannot agree to be either excessively wide or just the opposite, crowns, in revenge, unite to grow taller and taller, so that our faces are in danger of being extinguished! The opposing armies have certainly put their best resources in the field, and it is hard to decide which is the more attractive. There are those fascinating versions of the wide-brimmed hat christened the "brigand" and the "dustman," which droop so becomingly over the face, and, it must be whispered, are especially kind to the woman who is past her débutante days. These are expressed in felt, velour, and velvet, and are usually to be seen in rich shades of wine-red and raspberry.

The "Patchwork" Vogue on Small Hats.

In the small high-crowned hats with "punched-in" crowns and tiny brims, the striking bright "patchwork" trimming is very fashionable. A black felt, for instance, may boast brilliant patches of cut felt or of petersham, cleverly inset in one side of the crown, and velvet berets are expressed entirely in this novel pattern. I have seen on some very smart models the patchwork cleverly designed to form an initial, and others carry out the silhouette of a mascot. The most important rival to the high silhouette is the beret crown which falls to one side, and in these models it is often the circular top which is patterned in gay colourings. At present, it is certainly velvet and felt which share the honours. Velour is tentatively striving for a place, and petersham appears to play the rôle of an important trimming. There is a gaiety about these little hats with crowns dented as you please which is quite irresistible, particularly with their brightly coloured patches like an old-fashioned quilt.

From Hats to Jewellery.

It is true that jewelled ornaments on the hat are now conspicuous by their absence, but artificial jewellery invades practically every other sphere this season. Beautiful furs, for instance, are sometimes fastened with a chain of pearls, leaving a long rope hanging at either side, while no dress is complete without a necklet—or three—at the throat. A fascinating novelty is an enamelled vanity case and cigarette box suspended on a long chain of pearls, worn round the neck. Wide flat bracelets of diamonds, patterned with onyx or precious stones, appear on the arm, and some are even designed for the ankles of the braver spirits. Pearls in delicate shades of green and amethyst are the latest rivals to the rose tints, and on the black frocks which are coming steadily into fashion, the effect is delightful.

The New-Fashioned Motor Mascot.

Oxford Street, W.

The newest mascots designed to dangle in the back window of the car are the most fascinating affairs, at Marshall and Snelgrove's, including the trio pictured below. The rose elf, clothed in a lovely frock of petals, can be obtained for 18s. 9d.; and 4s. 11d. is the moderate cost of the mischievous little devil and policeman respectively. There are pretty lily-of-the-valley elves also, and amusing little dolls whose family tree is unrecognisable! In the same department may be found lovely evening bags.

These captivating motor mascots are the latest vogue from Paris, and the rose-elf, devil, and policeman are three of a merry band of frivolities. In the centre are two lovely evening bags. They were sketched in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.

Two are pictured below, one in the form of a beautiful spray of flowers, and the other richly embroidered. There are charming little evening pockettes in moiré, coloured to match your frock, boasting a band of diamanté and pearls in the centre, costing 27s. 9d.; and the new round-shaped bags sewn entirely with pearls are 45s. 6d. Then there are pretty dance bags of shaded tulle flecked with gold or silver, looking like a large rosette (price 15s. 9d.); and 11s. 9d. will secure a tulle flower for the shoulder with an effective velvet centre under which is concealed a powder puff. Another new fantasy which is very charming is a bag with the lower part forming a posy of flowers. It is so designed that it may be carried upside down with only the flowers showing. These are 28s. 9d., and many lovely colourings are available.



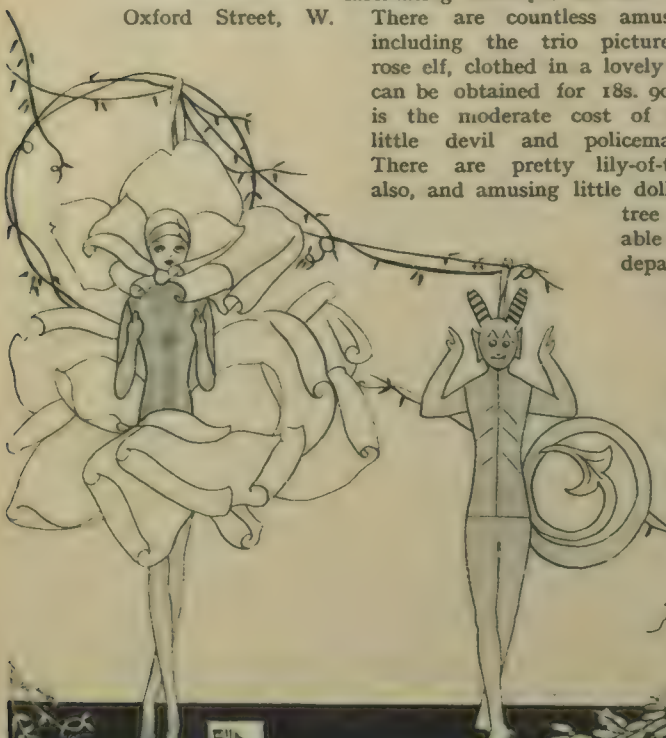
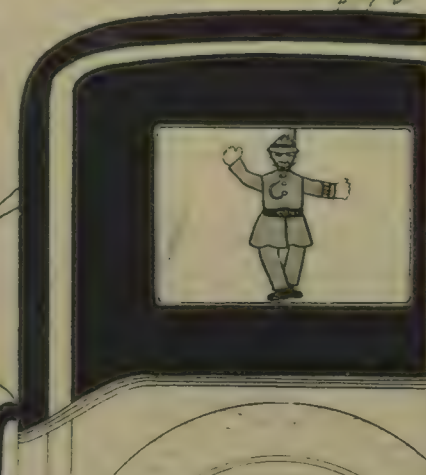
A group of delightful autumn frivolities; the jewelled heel and toe of the dancing shoe is a fascinating novelty for the enthusiastic dancer.



The vogue for artificial jewellery is as great as ever, and pearls, ear-rings, brooches, and bags such as these will undoubtedly be seen everywhere this season.

A Book of School Wear.

In every family the burning question of the moment is school outfits for the coming term. Before attempting a wearisome campaign of hunting, much time and money can be saved by applying to Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., for their booklet of School Wear for Boys and Girls. For many years their splendid school service has studied every requirement of growing children. Sleeves and hems have deep turnings for lengthening; an extra piece of material and buttons are given with every suit; and perfect cut and fitting are always assured. For boys from seven to fourteen, Rugby suits in pure wool tweeds can be secured for 35s., in any size, and lounge suits in tweed for older boys are 50s.; while a perfectly cut wool fleece overcoat, double-breasted, is obtainable for the same amount. For girls, there are day dresses of a warm woollen fabric in gay plaids and checks available for 35s. 6d., and lined with rubber are 25s. Stout school walking shoes can be obtained from 15s. 9d., specially designed for perfect comfort and support. This useful booklet will be sent gratis and post free on request.



FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



THE LONDON AEROPLANE CLUB

Big movements have little beginnings and the London Aeroplane Club, the first of the Light Aeroplane Clubs, was founded by the Royal Aero Club in August 1925 with just a plain aeroplane shed on the De Havilland Aerodrome at Edgware. Its opening marked the birth of a new era in which the light aeroplane is destined to become as commonplace as the more expensive cars. Already five other Light Aeroplane Clubs have been opened in the provinces and the rush to learn to fly is so great that most of them have heavy waiting lists.

Morning and evening, seven days a week when the weather is fine, the little fleet of tiny De Havilland "Moths" with which these Clubs are equipped buzz like bees round the aerodromes. Pupils of both sexes and all ages from seventeen to seventy wait their turn for half an hour's instruction from the busy, overworked instructors. After a minimum of eight hours' dual control they fly "solo" and prepare to pass tests for the Royal Aero Club Certificate and the Air Ministry Licence. Then perhaps they buy machines of their own and use them for "week-ending" about the country, keeping them folded up in sheds no bigger than small garages.

Stockbrokers straight from the City in top hats, Society women from some Mayfair luncheon party, undergraduates, students, lawyers, business men, all stream to the aerodrome on fine afternoons and evenings to take their part in the new movement of "flying for all," which is still in its infancy and of which the ultimate development can hardly be imagined.

It is safe to prophesy, however, that from the little shed at Edgware has sprung a new development in modern civilisation that, before many years are past, will be comparable to motoring itself.



By Appointment

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
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Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE Three Choirs Festival of the cities of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester has now been an annual event for exactly two hundred and six years, and for more than two centuries it has been one of the chief means of raising funds for the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses, the net annual income amounting in recent years to not less than £1000.

If it had not been for the charitable benefits received in cash from the Festival, it would have been brought to an end long before this, as during the nineteenth century various misguided people endeavoured to put a stop to the Festival on the grounds that it encouraged people to think that the cathedral was no more than an ecclesiastical concert-hall. One of these objectors, who was contributing funds for the restoration of Worcester Cathedral, went so far as to offer £5000 to the clergy if they would refuse to allow the Festival to be held in Worcester again. Fortunately, the clergy were proof against this temptation, and in any case it would have been difficult for them thus to betray their sister dioceses of Hereford and Gloucester, who would have lost their festival and received no compensation in return.

Last year the Festival was at Gloucester, and next year it will be at Hereford, so that it will be 1929 before the Festival comes round again to Worcester. The people of Worcester take a great interest in the Three Choirs Festival, as well they might, seeing that it brings thousands of visitors into their town, and for a whole week the hotels and shops are full.

It is possible to buy the scores of all the works performed during the Festival at several shops, all of which were crowded whenever I passed; but, like

most provincial towns, Worcester is badly served with bookshops. A friend of mine wanted to buy a copy of a book on "The Music of the Future," published in the half-crown "To-Day and To-Morrow" Series, which contains important books like Haldane's "Daedalus" and Bertrand Russell's "Icarus"—books that have sold many thousands of copies—

alive it may be musically, does not keep up-to-date in literary matters.

But Worcester has a special reason for being particularly interested in the Three Choirs Festival, since the most famous of modern English composers, Sir Edward Elgar, was born in Worcester about seventy years ago. It was fitting, therefore, that two out of the five big choral works to be performed this year in the cathedral should have been by Elgar—namely, "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom." The other works were Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Handel's "Messiah."

The Festival opened with "Elijah," which was very well sung under the conductorship of Sir Ivor Atkins, the Cathedral organist. The quality of the choir was much improved by the admixture of boys' voices among the sopranos, and the part of the youth in the oratorio was beautifully sung by a Worcester choir-boy. The Bishop of Worcester himself sang among the tenors, and deserves a word of praise from the laity for his admirable example to the clergy, who in times gone by were inclined to look coldly upon the musical activities in churches. The London Symphony Orchestra took part throughout the Festival, and the soloists included such well-known singers as Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Dorothy Silk, Mr. Horace Stevens, Mr. John Coates, Miss Astra Desmond, and Miss Olga Haley. In "Elijah" the outstanding performance was that of Mr. Horace Stevens, who has a voice of unusually fine quality for a bass. He sang with exceptional dramatic vigour and robustness of tone, but was always excellent in tone and diction. Sir Ivor

Atkins is inclined to speed up the *tempi* until there is at times a scramble to get all the notes in, but he is a vigorous and alert conductor. [Continued overleaf.]



CANADA'S ANNUAL "WEMBLEY," WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WILL BE INVITED TO OPEN NEXT YEAR: THE TORONTO SCOTTISH IN THE WARRIORS' DAY PARADE WHICH OPENED THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT TORONTO.

The Canadian National Exhibition is said to be the largest annual show in the world. It was stated recently that the Duke and Duchess of York would be invited to open the 1927 Exhibition, which is to be a feature in the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Canadian Confederation. Canada hopes to be visited by the Duke and Duchess either on their way to Australia or on their return journey.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

but it was impossible to get it, and at one bookshop he was told that they had never stocked any of this series. It seems to me as if Worcester, however

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COUNTRY LIFE, July 24th, 1926

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"But these De Reszke Virginias are made only of the choice middle leaves, which escape the ravages of wind and sand. There's no sand to be extracted from them, and it's the expensive quality of the leaf that produces the fine flavour and freedom from 'bite' you like so much."

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Continued.

Both "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom" were conducted by Sir Edward Elgar, who secured extremely good performances of both works. Miss Olga Haley's singing of Mary Magdalene deserves mention, and Mr. John Coates was admirable as St. John; but Mr. Herbert Heyner's enunciation is not as clear as it might be, and he slurs his phrasing. As his voice is not of a particularly good natural quality, these faults are serious. The accomplishment shown in both these works by the composer is astonishing. Elgar is undoubtedly a virtuoso of composition, and at times undoubtedly something more. But, although during the first quarter of an hour of "The Apostles" one says to oneself: "What delicious sounds!" one begins to find one's senses flagging under the monotony of



THE GREAT ANNUAL SHEEP SALE AT ABERDEEN: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE 16,000 SHEEP ASSEMBLED IN THE KITTYBREWSTER MARKET.

these delicious sounds after about an hour of them. There is very little variety either in "The Apostles" or "The Kingdom," and one longs for something to break the unending flow of rather syrupy sentiment.

On the second afternoon an extract, "Peace," from Parry's cantata, "War and Peace," came as a welcome change. The robust, plain diatonic melodies and hearty natural vigour, dashed with a large dose of Parry's manly idealism, was extraordinarily refreshing. This section of the "War and Peace" cantata is a fine piece of work which ought to be heard more often. I think our London conductors might begin digging among Parry's works to see if there are not some treasures hidden there which have never been sufficiently appreciated. The same afternoon a new work by Edgar Bainton was performed, a setting of Donne's "Hymn to

God the Father." This proved very disappointing. It was mere manufactured music without a note of individuality. Not much, if any, better was Holst's short "Te Deum," which rattled along in a matter-of-fact way as if it pretended to be nothing more than the *pièce d'occasion* it undoubtedly was.

The other choral works at this Festival were

Beethoven's Mass in D and Berlioz's "Te Deum." The latter work is not often heard. It requires a good deal of imagination in the conductor to make the most of the opportunities it offers. One day, perhaps, the Three Choirs Festival will have the enterprise to perform Berlioz's great "Mass for the Dead." This stupendous work needs

the large attendances which the Festivals provoke. I cannot imagine a pleasanter holiday than a week in one of these country towns, with mornings spent in the cathedral and afternoons in country excursions, or vice-versa. There is always something to miss during the week, and at Worcester the Severn and the Malvern Hills offer opportunities for delightful trips.


It is greatly to be hoped that when the Shakespearean National Memorial Theatre is rebuilt the authorities will draw up a scheme for two dramatic festivals a year—one in the spring, beginning on or about Shakespeare's birthday, and one in August and September. It would be possible to make these festivals truly representative of English dramatic literature, and if a really high standard of performance was secured—a standard similar to that of the Three Choirs Festival—the Shakespeare festival would draw visitors from all over the world, to the great benefit of the whole country. But it would be necessary to have the scheme in the right hands, and to make it truly representative, so that not only the works of Shakespeare would be performed, but all the principal dramatic masterpieces from Marlowe to Bernard Shaw.

The work of young dramatists should be given a hearing there also, as young composers are at the Three Choirs Festival. In fact, we owe many of the works of Sir Edward Elgar and of the late Sir Hubert Parry—to say nothing of Vaughan-Williams, Holst, and others—to the Three Choirs Festivals, without which their choral compositions would never have been heard.

W. J. TURNER.



SHEEP "UNDER THE HAMMER" IN THE KITTYBREWSTER ANNUAL SHEEP SALE AT ABERDEEN: MR. R. J. ANDERSON AUCTIONING A PEN OF CHEVIOT GIMMERS.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co.]



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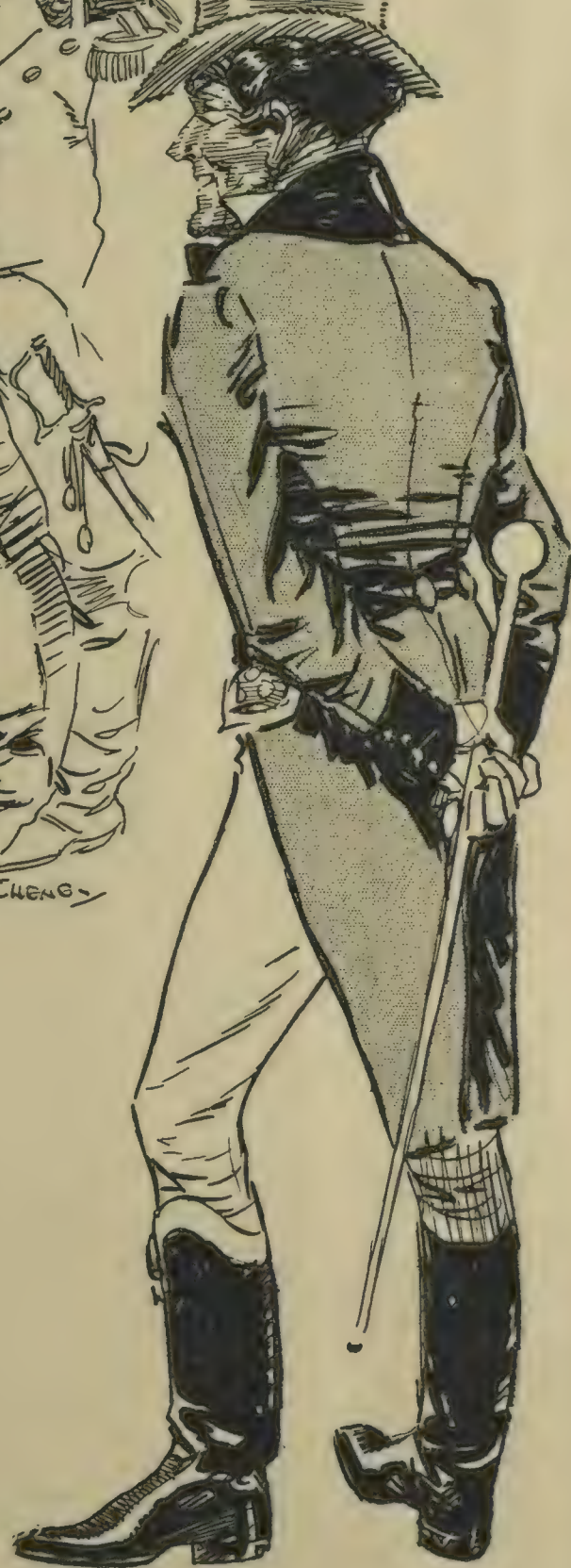


OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 6

“Don’t halloo till you’re out of the wood ”

IT is recorded that Portuguese officials were so grateful when the Duke of Wellington drove the French out of Portugal that they marked the occasion by issuing a print inscribed “Invincible Wellington, from grateful Portugal.”

When the Duke received a copy of this print, he struck out the word “Invincible” and wrote in its place his favourite saying: “Don’t halloo till you’re out of the wood.”



Born 1820 ———
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
“Johnnie Walker, please!”

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

ROMANCE AND THE SCREEN.

THE extraordinary manifestations that marked—and marred!—the passing of Rudolph Valentino have supplied much food for thought. When on the heels of the accounts in the papers describing the amazing scenes in America we read of a young woman's suicide because, with the death of her kinema idol, her last vestige of courage in life had left her; when one heard, as I have heard, the absolutely personal note in the expressions of grief and regret emanating from women who had never met, never even seen, the actor in the flesh, a discomfiting glimpse into the nature of this film-bred romance we talk about so glibly seemed suddenly vouchsafed.

One of the greatest assets of the kinema is its power to play the magic carpet and to waft us away for a brief hour or two to the realms of romance and fantasy, realms where the tribulations of beautiful women and brave men are crowned with love everlasting, realms where dangers are made only to be overcome, and virtue always triumphs over vice, realms, in short, that are more remote from the humdrum life of a sometimes drab and often unjust world than Hans Andersen's fairy-tales, which, as we all remember, hide many a sprig of rue amongst their blossoms. Fairy-

tales they are, these modern romances of the screen, though elves and sprites are banished, and a semblance of realism is created by quite a number of daring details of plot and setting. These "Sheiks" and "Eagles" and "Rats"—what are they but grown-up fairy-tales, impossible when pulled to pieces by the analytical mind, crumbling to nothing beneath the

weather "blues" and middle-age miseries—just real enough to rock one into a momentary condition of credulity, just fantastic enough to get right away from everyday tedium. When we emerge from their rosy and romantic spell, we smile a little, shrug a prosaic shoulder, and mutter sub-consciously, "Ah, well, now let's get back to work." I have hitherto thought that

attitude of mind was the general one—I am beginning to doubt it. I am beginning to wonder whether there are not hundreds upon hundreds of kinema-goers—chiefly women—for whom the romantic world of the screen threatens to become more real than their actual existence.

In the hundreds and thousands of homes where wives and daughters have finished with their serious occupations, when the house-work has been disposed of, the problem of a long and empty day is usually solved by a visit to the "pictures." The prices are not prohibitive. A number of visits can be managed for the sum spent on even a cheap seat in a theatre. And the picture palace is close at hand—just round the corner, perhaps. Think of it—romance is waiting just round the corner! A prince of lovers is waiting just round the corner—making love, it is true, to another woman, a ravishing creature with a permanent wave and a Cupid's-bow mouth. But it might be—oh, it might be: de-

liciously audacious thought!—it *might* be oneself! And so they go, these wives and daughters, over and over again to the pictures, not to see good

[Continued on Page 530.]



THE "GOLDEN ARROW" EXPRESS: A NEW AND LUXURIOUS PULLMAN TRAIN BETWEEN PARIS AND CALAIS—PASSENGERS LEAVING THE TRAIN FOR THE BOAT AT CALAIS AFTER THE INAUGURAL RUN.

The "Golden Arrow" express, a British-built train of Pullman cars, is considered the last word in luxurious travel accommodation. It made its inaugural run from Paris to Calais on Saturday, September 11.—[Photograph by Topical.]

acid test of logic? Of course, it would be a thousand pities to deal with this type of film so harshly. They are pleasant entertainments—an antidote for rainy



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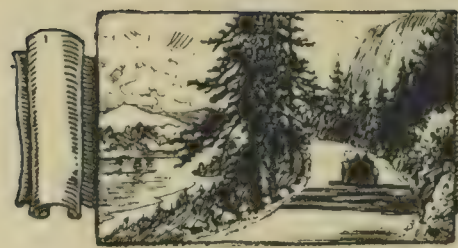
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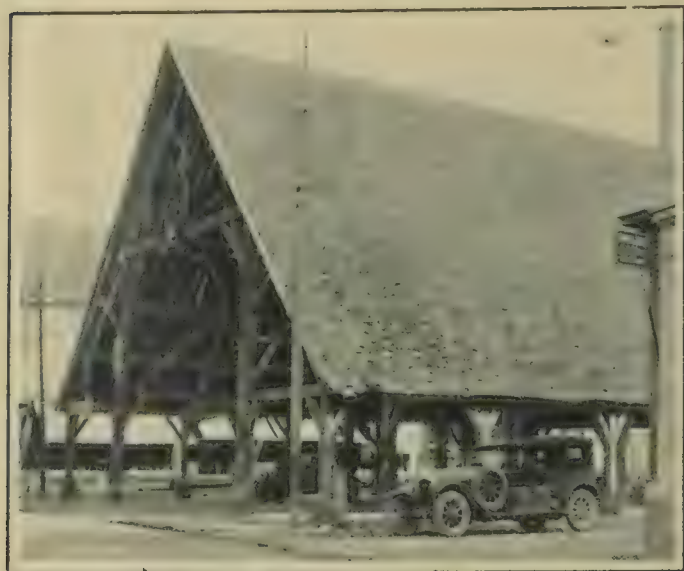


THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A BRITISH SMALL-ENGINE CAR OF POWER.

THERE is a type of car of a rather special kind which is steadily finding its way on to the market, where I venture to prophesy the best examples of it will long remain. I mean the sort of



THINGS ANCIENT AND MODERN: A CROSSLEY CAR OUTSIDE THE ELEVENTH-CENTURY MARKET AT MILLY, A FRENCH TOWN NEAR FONTAINEBLEAU.

car which has a very small engine, designed to give very considerable power at high-engine speeds, without any marked registration of effort. This sounds rather like a general description of most modern light cars; but there is, to my mind, a sharp distinction between the majority of medium-powered cars and the type I mean. As a matter of fact, most of the cars in this class are foreign, and are therefore not perhaps quite so familiar to most people as our own products.

A good British example of these cars is the Rhode 11-30-h.p. The 11 in this case represents the amount of yearly tax payable, the bore and stroke being as modest as 66 by 90. In its general performance, and more noticeably in the size and weight of the body fitted and of the accommodation

other day had done something well over 10,000 miles, and had evidently led rather a rough life, yet I have seldom driven any engine which ran with so little vibration or noise with open throttle. This means, of course, that the owner need have no compunction about driving it fairly hard, as where there is no vibration there is very little strain.

The four-cylinder engine is a particularly attractive-looking unit. Its overhead cam-shaft is driven by a vertical spiral-gear shaft which also drives the magneto and the dynamo, both set crosswise at the top and therefore very accessible. A particularly interesting feature about it is the lubrication system, which dispenses with pumps, drives, and gearing. The oil is driven up from its reservoir, which is the casing of the fly-wheel, by the action of the fly-wheel itself, into the oil-well which feeds the cam-shaft bearing. After lubricating the whole of the valve gear, the oil passes on to the front bearings and half-time gears, and so into the sump. The system comprises two oil-wells and two filters, and is certainly remarkably simple.

A four-speed gear-box is fitted with gears which I thought to be rather on the low side. With so small an engine a top speed of 4.8 to 1 and a third of 8.6 to 1 are probably just about right, but I think that a second speed of 15.2 to 1 is unnecessarily low. The clutch is of the single-plate variety, running in oil supplied from the crank-case.

The Rhode has a distinctly lively performance, and, as I have already remarked, runs with really remarkable smoothness. It is very seldom pleasant to force any modern light car to its utmost, but it is no exaggeration to say that when the Rhode was travelling at its maximum speed it was making no more fuss than would another car at its easiest gait. The balance of the engine is quite unusually good. Gear-changing is easy after you have learnt to time it properly, but a rather long wait is necessary when coming down from fourth to third. In spite of this point, however, the Rhode is a car upon which you can put up a very good average speed, without much effort. The springing

is also a good feature. The rear springs are full cantilever, and the comfort even in a lightly laden car over poor surface struck me as quite out of the way. There was one point about it, however, on which I had some doubt. I found the steering rather heavy, and the car a little inclined to roll. In the ordinary way I should have probably put this down to balloon tyres, which are often responsible for uncomfortable steering, but I am not sure, in view of the cantilever springs, that

I should be right in doing so. Well-designed cantilever springs often give good suspension, but sometimes at the price of rolling.

The four-wheeled brakes, which, with the front axle, are proprietary, I found really good, especially at high speeds; but the hand-applied set was not powerful enough, considering that the brake drums have a 12-inch diameter.

The bodywork, so far as the back seat goes, is comfortable, the cushion coming well up to the inside of one's knees, and the back squab well up behind one's shoulders. The front seat, however, I did not find so good, as there was not too much leg-room and the angle of the seat struck me as being wrong for comfort. The upholstery is carried out in a good class of leather, and the coachwork as a whole is well made. It is



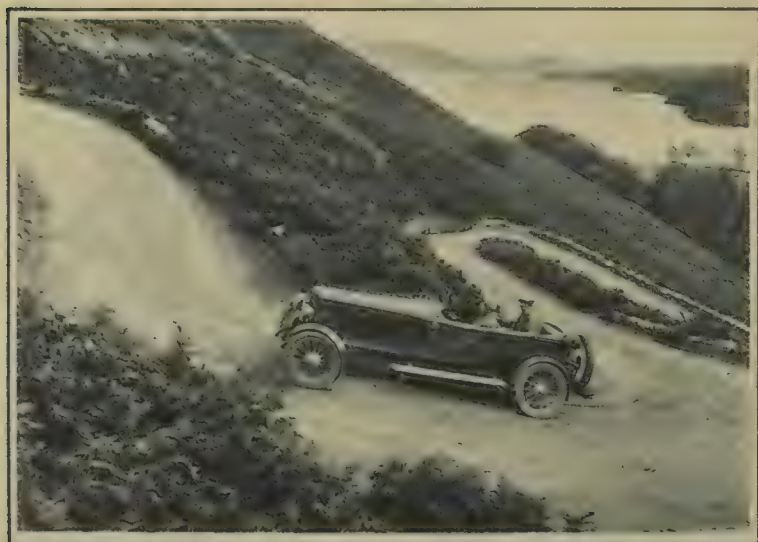
THE FIRST 14-H.P. "BEAN" TO ENTER NIGERIA: THE CAR SURROUNDED BY NATIVE CHIEFS IN THEIR TOWERING HELMETS.

This Bean car was shipped to Mr. G. W. Webster, Senior Resident, Sokoto, Nigeria, in February 1924.

by no means a feather-weight, but is a really roomy touring car.

The speed indicator was not registering correctly, but I should say that the maximum speed was somewhere in the neighbourhood of fifty miles an hour. A hill with a gradient of 1 in 5½ was well climbed on second speed, at a minimum pace of what I should think was about ten miles an hour.

Altogether I found the Rhode a decidedly attractive car, and in view of that excellent engine, it will be very interesting to watch the progress of future models. It looks and feels like a car that is built to last. The price of the one I tried—the four-five-seater—is £285; but there is a cheaper model, which sells for £225. A very



ASCENDING THE "HAIRPIN" BENDS ON HOWTOWN HAUSE, NEAR ULLSWATER (SEEN IN BACKGROUND): A THREE-LITRE SUNBEAM CAR MAKES LIGHT OF A FEARSOME GRADIENT.

Photograph by Mr. George Abraham, of Keswick.

afforded, the Rhode should be quite a serious rival to some 12-h.p. and even 14-h.p. cars. In fact, I can think of a number of 11.9 four-seaters which have much less room in them than this, as I can also think of one or two which not only are less powerful (although they have larger engines), but also develop their maximum power with more vibration.

Naturally the power in such a tiny engine as this is produced at comparatively high revolution rates. But the engine has been so well designed that it runs progressively more smoothly as the speed increases. The car that I was trying the



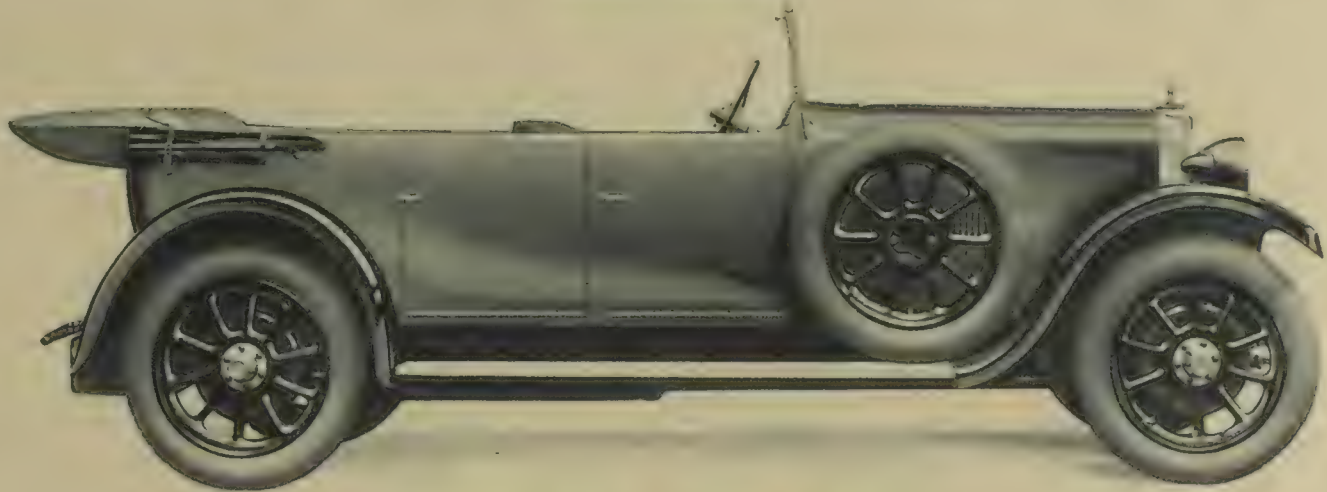
A FAMOUS LADY EXPLORER AND AUTHOR AT THE WHEEL: ROSITA FORBES (MRS. A. T. McGRATH) IN HER SIX-CYLINDER WAVERLEY CAR, IN WHICH SHE AND HER HUSBAND HAVE JUST CONCLUDED A 2000-MILES CONTINENTAL TOUR.

attractive-looking sporting four-seater, with a maximum speed of sixty-five miles an hour, costs £375, and a two-seater, with a maximum of seventy, costs £355.

THE CAR OF THE YEAR

THE NEW TALBOT 14/45 H.P.

(SIX-CYLINDER)

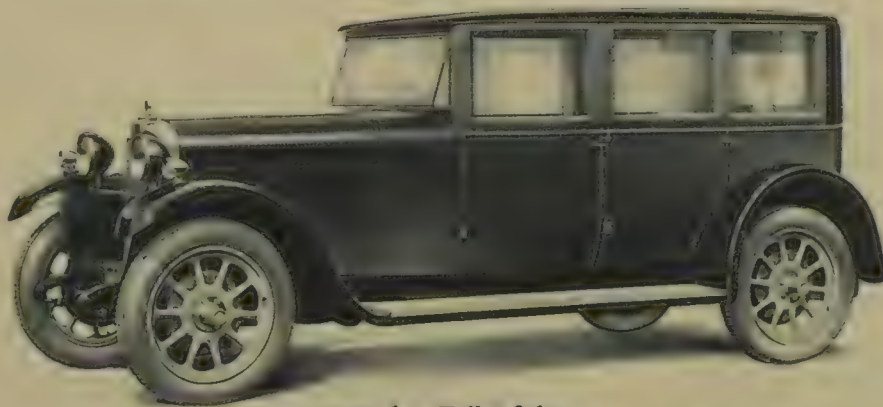


The Talbot 14/45 h.p. 5-seater Touring Model.

£395

The whole of the resources of the famous Talbot Company are now concentrated on producing a new six-cylinder fourteen-forty-five h.p. model. The world-famous motor engineer, Mr. Louis Coatalen, has designed this car specially for the keen owner-driver. It embodies many improvements which have been eagerly awaited by practical motorists. The equipment is unusually complete and every possible accessory

is included in the finished cars. Many of these features have been specially designed and are of exceptional interest. It is built and finished in the first-class style for which Talbots have established an enviable reputation. Yet it is being produced at a highly competitive price. Factory economies due to concentration on this model make it possible to offer the Talbot five-seater touring model at £395.



14/45 h.p. Talbot Saloon.

A very roomy Saloon which accommodates five persons in absolute comfort. It is luxuriously upholstered and equipped. It has exceptional headroom and is a very elegant town car.

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WORLD OF THE KINEMA. (Continued from Page 526.)

acting, nor even to enjoy a well-told story, but purely and simply to find romance—that element that is, or seems to them to be, entirely missing from the dull routine of dusting, darning, and contriving. Valentino



THE GREEK GOVERNMENT'S GIFT TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A REMARKABLE CARPET WITH A DESIGN REPRESENTING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

This carpet, we are informed, has been presented by the Greek Government to the League of Nations in recognition of its services to Greece, and has been laid in front of the President's chair in the Conference Hall at Geneva. The figures are (from left to right), Hermes (with lyre, seated), Paris (Alexandros), Athena, Hera, and Aphrodite.

Photograph by P. and A.

was no great actor. He himself is reported to have ascribed his phenomenal vogue to the fact that he brought romance to the screen. His was a triumph of personality. He rarely troubled to act; it was often even obvious that he remained disdainfully mute though the sub-titles gave him a score or so of words to say. But he could look unutterable things. Passionate love and the deepest suffering could gaze out from his heavy-lidded eyes. It was undoubtedly the man himself who caught the imagination of thousands. He seems to have become actually real to his army of admirers—personally known to them, no longer a shadow figure on a silver screen. If that was so—and can we doubt it in the light of recent events?—then the life he lived on that same screen, adventurous, thrilling, fraught with peril and heroism, must, in the minds of his worshippers, have entirely overwhelmed

the interest of their own tame little lives. What chance has a little shopping in the local High Street, indulged in after a morning's routine work in the house, or a game of tennis in the late evening when sons and brothers get home from the City, or even the mild gossip of a tea-party, against those wild rescues, fierce desires, tragic conflicts, and triumphant loves of the screen? I am not out to decry all this romantic traffic. I like to shed a tear in the kinema as well as anybody. I like to be thrilled and diverted. But it has struck me lately that if these ingenious concoctions of the film-makers are accepted as a true picture of life, if their fascinating entanglements continue to weave a web in which to catch calm common-sense even after the portals of the kinema have closed, then their effect may be more lasting than one has ever imagined.

The well-balanced mind, the person of resources, the worker are in no danger of taking screen romance too seriously, nor of allowing its distorted interpretations of life to impinge on the sterner stuff of actuality. But a disconcerting element of doubt is beginning to leaven my reflections on the value of romance administered in the large doses favoured by the film-makers to the public. That public numbers, unfortunately, such a vast amount of those whom the French so aptly call "*désœuvrés*." We have been prone to praise this introduction of colour and glamour into otherwise drab existences. I wonder whether all this highly spiced, passionate, and wholly fictitious film literature is being accepted by a large percentage of kinema-goers as life such as it might

and should be, to the detriment of life as they have to live it? Do the almost daily visits to the picture-palaces, indulged in by an amazing amount of people, mean that their tedium has become intensified, their ordinary occupations more distasteful, and that for them the kinema has developed into something perilously like a narcotic? I hope not, but—I wonder!

Dr. Thomas Gann's forthcoming book on his latest archaeological discoveries in Central America will be published by Messrs. Gerald Duckworth and Co., Ltd., of 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and not by Messrs. Cassell, as stated in our issue of September 11. The original title, "*Under the Green Rays*," has been changed to "*Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes: Exploration and Adventure in Maya Lands*." We regret that the information should have been given incorrectly in our pages.



REMOVING A CHURCH BODILY: A WOODEN CHURCH AT CALGARY, IN CANADA, BEING DRAWN ON RUNNERS TO ANOTHER SITE BY MOTOR-TRACTORS WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS.

This church at Calgary, Alberta, had been built on high ground in the prairie, but, as the congregation had drifted away to another part of the town, it was decided to move the church also.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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RADIO NOTES.

SEVERAL interesting features are included in the new A. J. S. "Symphony" receiving-sets shown at the National Radio Exhibition. The various models which were on view bore evidence that broadcast reception need no longer be the scientific hobby of one member of the family, involving a medley of apparatus. The operation of the "Symphony" models can be dealt with by any member of a family and calls for no greater skill than does a gramophone.

These receivers are made in four styles—with seven, five, three, and two valves respectively. The "Symphony Seven" is a super-heterodyne, employing seven valves, and will reproduce all of the British and European stations on the loud-speaker, the selectivity being so great that stations may be received free from broadcast interference, even though the set may be within a mile or two of any British station. The tuning controls are but two in number, with two auxiliary controls for regulating sound-volume. The old type of tuning dial, marked with degrees for tuning purposes, has been discarded, and tuning is done by turning two small plain knobs, each of which causes a graduated scale to indicate behind apertures cut in the main panel. There are two horizontal apertures for each control knob—one aperture for showing the graduated scale, and the other aperture to allow for pencilling a card with the name of any broadcast station, after the position has been found. Thus, provided that any recorded station does not change its wave-length, the station may be tuned in simply by turning the controls until its name or wave-length is seen through the narrow aperture on the panel.

An outdoor aerial is not required with this receiver, but two frame aerials are supplied—one for the usual stations, and the other for the reception of stations such as Daventry, Königswusterhausen, Hilversum, Radio-Paris, etc., which transmit on higher wave-lengths. The frame aerials are circular and fit on to the top of the receiver, and it is interesting to note that all batteries are switched on when



DRAWING IN THE NEW CABLE THAT STRETCHES FROM PENZANCE TO ROCKAWAY BEACH, U.S.A. The new cable is 3400 miles long, and it will have a sending capacity of 2500 letters per minute. It is the nineteenth cable to be laid across the Atlantic. Our illustration shows the U.S.A. end of the cable, supported by casks, being drawn ashore at Rockaway Beach. Ultimately the casks are removed and the cable allowed to sink to the ocean bed.

Photograph by C.N.

the loud-speaker plug is inserted, or switched off when the plug is extracted.

The nightly pianoforte recitals introduced by the B.B.C. last January have included works by old English composers, and Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Weber, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Schumann,

Liszt, Chopin, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, and Debussy. Many listeners have complained that 7.25 is too early for listening, therefore from Sept. 20 onwards these recitals will be broadcast at 9.45 p.m. each evening.

The first of a series of twelve "National Concerts," organised by the British Broadcasting Company, will be given on Thursday, Sept. 30, at the Royal Albert Hall. An orchestra of 150 performers, with a chorus of 250 voices, will be conducted by distinguished British musicians, such as Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Hamilton Harty, Sir Landon Ronald, and Mr. Albert Coates. In addition, a number of "guests," all of them among the most prominent European musicians, will conduct some of the concerts. Dr. Richard Strauss will conduct a programme of his own works, including the unfamiliar "Alpine Symphony." Other "guests" will include Bernardino Molinari, the eminent Italian conductor, Otto Klemperer, Erich Kleiber, and Hermann Scherchen. The artists will include Albert Sammons, Harold Bauer, Frida Leider, and Maria Olczewska, and the programmes will include a first performance in England of Honegger's "Le Roi David," and Berlioz's "Messe des Morts" for large orchestra, chorus, brass band, and solo vocalists. New works are being written by Holst, Vaughan Williams, and Moeran, specially for these concerts. In addition to these modern works, many of the standard classical symphonies and romantic overtures, concertos, and so forth, will be rendered.

This series of National Concerts should provide a great opportunity for the general public to hear some of the world's finest music given in unusually favourable circumstances, especially as the prices of seats will be on popular lines—1s. to 4s., the 3s. and 4s. seats being bookable at the Box Office, Royal

[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)

Albert Hall, and at the usual agencies. Each of the concerts will be broadcast simultaneously from all B.B.C. stations.

Chief among many new products conceived by Brandes, Ltd., this year, is an excellent cone loud-speaker, the "Ellipticon." Brandes were a pioneer organisation in the development of wireless, their

earlier activities being devoted to this field before broadcast stations were established. The exterior of the "Ellipticon" is a handsome cabinet finished in dark walnut, and will harmonise with any decorative scheme or furnishings. The elliptical concavity within the cabinet reflects the full body of sound with wonderful depth and sweetness. The large vibrating area of the cone, together with a driving unit

A LOUD-SPEAKER OF DISTINCTIVE DESIGN: THE NEW BRANDES "ELLIPTICON."

of special design, brings pleasing and natural tone with plenty of power. The magnets in the cone unit are very large. There is no diaphragm, but a small armature which, reacting to the faintest impulse, faithfully reproduces extremely low and high tones. The price is £5 10s.

"Dancing Through the Ages" is the title of an original little book introducing the new dance season at the Empress Rooms. This brochure carries the reader on the wings of history and reminiscence, aided and abetted by some inspiring illustrations of contemporary forms of the Charleston, through the Bronze Ages, the Middle Ages, and the Victorian Era, to the present day.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"VIRGINIA'S HUSBAND," AT THE COMEDY.

THE male spendthrift who borrows a wife in order to cloak the fiction, given out to unreasonable parents or guardians, that he is a married man is quite a familiar figure in farcical comedy. A female spendthrift who engages a temporary husband to meet a similar emergency is something of a novelty in the theatre, and all due credit must be given to Miss Florence Kilpatrick for making this innovation in the play just presented in Panton Street. Unfortunately, however, the author has been content to work out her idea by means of stock characters and conventional situations. The amusing characters and droll devices which expert craftsmen like Mr. Claude Carton or Sir Arthur Pinero would employ to clothe this skeleton of a plot with something like flesh and blood are absent from her scheme. And the result is a piece resembling the old farces we used to get at the Vaudeville or Criterion years ago, with little of the technical precision which such farces could claim. In the respective parts of Virginia, of Virginia's "husband," and of Virginia's Aunt Janet, Miss Frances Carson, Mr. Edmund Breon, and Miss Helen Ferrers are never at a loss. Miss Ena Grossmith makes a success of a pert and sly maid-servant. Mr. Wilfred Shine is wasted on a part of no importance. The first-night reception of this machine-made play was quite cordial.

"AND SO TO BED," AT THE QUEEN'S.

Those playgoers who remember "The Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi and "The Earth" at the Kingsway will be aware that Mr. J. B. Fagan is a thoroughly competent though hardly a prolific dramatist, for it is not every playwright who can turn out a romantic drama and a satirical comedy with equal ease. His latest piece, set to some delightful music by Mr. Herbert Hughes, a brother Irishman, is a sort of costume farce in which Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pepys, King Charles II., and Mesdames Knight and Knipp play the chief parts. The plot is mainly concerned with Mrs. Pepys's jealousy of Samuel, who calls

(Continued overleaf.)



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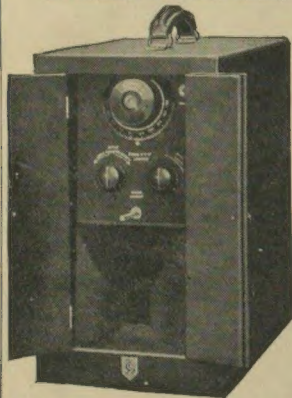
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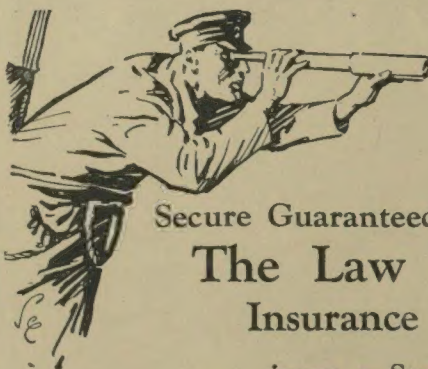
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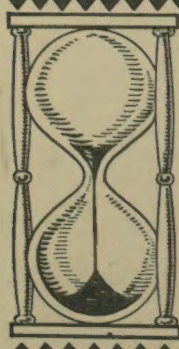
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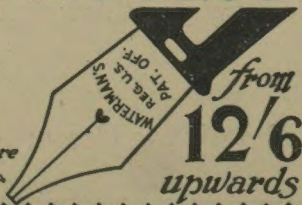
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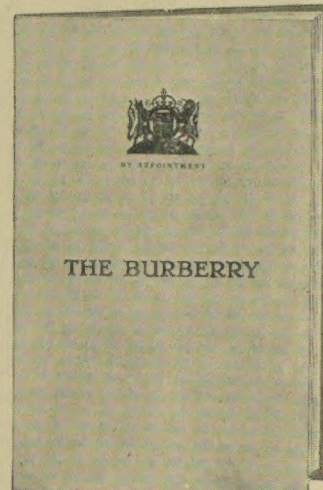
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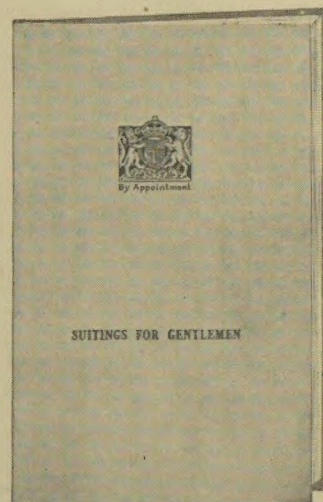


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on the former of the last-mentioned two ladies partly to get her to sing one of his songs, and partly to make love to her. The *scène-à-faire* shows the truant husband hiding himself in a muniment chest to avoid meeting his Sovereign, who has also got a fancy for the fair singer, and the amorous Charles taking advantage of the incarceration of the husband and the arrival of the wife to make advances to the latter. It will be gathered that "And So to Bed" is more pastiche than seventeenth-century comedy, and that the Mr. Pepys which the play presents is the tireless lover rather than the indefatigable Secretary to the Navy Board, though it is only fair to say that Mr. Fagan has not entirely overlooked the serious and patriotic aspect of poor Samuel's character. On the whole, however, the new Queen's piece is pure "entertainment," and a very charming and neatly arranged entertainment too. The chief honours of the evening go to Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is delightfully tempestuous as Mrs. Pepys. But Miss Mary Grey as Mrs. Knight sings very charmingly, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Mr. Pepys acts with splendid humour, good humour, and, when it is required, sincerity. That Mr. Allan Jeayes proved hardly as good a King Charles as Mr. Fred Terry and Mr. Arthur Wontner have shown us was perhaps scarcely surprising.

"THE IDIOT," AT THE LITTLE.

Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" is a sort of museum of pathological specimens. Prince Miushkin, the hero, who loves at the same time Aglaya Epanchin, a General's daughter, and Nastasia Philipovna, a kept woman, is a half-cured epileptic. Parfen Rogojin, the Prince's rival in the affections of Nastasia, is a wealthy homicidal maniac. Gania Ivolgin, the Prince's rival in the affections of Aglaya, is a megalomaniac who hates his father and his sister. General Ivolgin is a liar, a drunkard, and a profligate. Lobodov revels in frank confessions of his facile treacheries and petty intrigues. Hippolyte Terentiev is a young

consumptive who becomes more and more cynically malicious the nearer he approaches death. Nastasia and Aglaya, the causes of all the trouble, both seem to love the Prince, and have the oddest possible way of proving their love. From some of these libels on humanity Mr. Michael Hogan has made a play which is interesting for the first two acts and then goes to pieces. The only wonder is that of the huge mass of characters, episodes, confessions, retrospections, and explanations which Dostoevsky employs to build up his novel an adapter should have been able to make any adequate stage use at all. Mr. Hogan is fortunate in his players. That accomplished and sensitive actor, Mr. Ion Swinley, manages to convey a good deal of the mental and emotional distraction of the Prince torn between pity for Nastasia the fatalist and love for Aglaya the cryptic. Miss Stella Arbenina makes a strangely moving Nastasia. And Miss Beatrix Thomson, though a little unrestrained, shows us a lovely and charming Aglaya. The adapter himself makes a sinister enough Rogojin. The play, indeed, is well worth seeing; but, devoid as it is, and must necessarily must be, of Dostoevsky's history and analysis of emotion and thought, it smacks more of unmotivated melodrama than of a psychological study.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING," AT THE STRAND.

The leading motive of the new play written by Anita Loos and her husband, John Emerson, and just produced at the Strand, is the conversion of a dull, unimaginative middle-aged man into his exact and attractive opposite under the influence of love, a motive which has produced such amusing farces as "When Knights were Bold" and "None but the Brave." "The Whole Town's Talking" works this idea fairly successfully, but what will probably endear it to the public is not so much the complications

caused by Chester Binney's conversion, as Chester's fight to the death with his rival in the dark, an ingenious and cleverly staged situation which proved very much to the taste of the first-night audience. The Emerson piece, however, is pretty good fun from very curtain-rise, and it is carried along with fire, dash, and swing by two excellent comedians. Mr. John Deverell's study of the meek, quiet Chester, translated into a loud, assertive, swaggering bully the better to assert his claim to be a lady-killer, is, indeed, quite admirable; while Mr. George Tully, as Chester's partner and would-be father-in-law, the promoter of the translation, acts with unfailing energy and comic address. As Norma, the kinema actress who is the bone of contention and the cause of the fight, Miss Catherine Dale Owen is something of a disappointment. She is quite pretty, but she is by no means a remarkable actress.

"JUST A KISS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The new piece at the Shaftesbury is an adaptation from the French which tells how a divorced couple came together again after the lady had become engaged for a time to a French millionaire who fatuously believed that she had never even been kissed. As will be gathered from this summary, there is nothing very striking in the plot. Nor, to be frank, is there anything very sparkling in the music, which is partly imported and partly home-made. Playgoers, however, who are not too exacting may extract some amusement from "Just a Kiss." Miss Marjorie Gordon and Mr. Arthur Margetson make a handsome and tuneful pair as the divorced couple. Mr. Frederick Ranaflow acts as neatly and sings as charmingly as ever in the rôle of the French millionaire. And Miss Vera Lennox and Mr. Barrie Oliver, the latter another young American comedian, prove very nimble on their feet. We had nearly forgotten one thing: there is no male chorus. Surely this is in itself a distinct recommendation of the latest of musical comedies?

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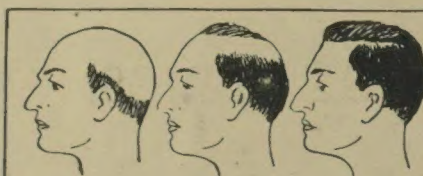
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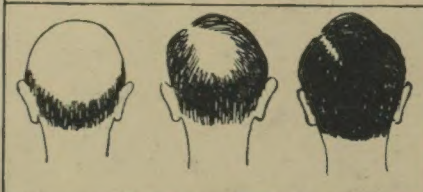
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